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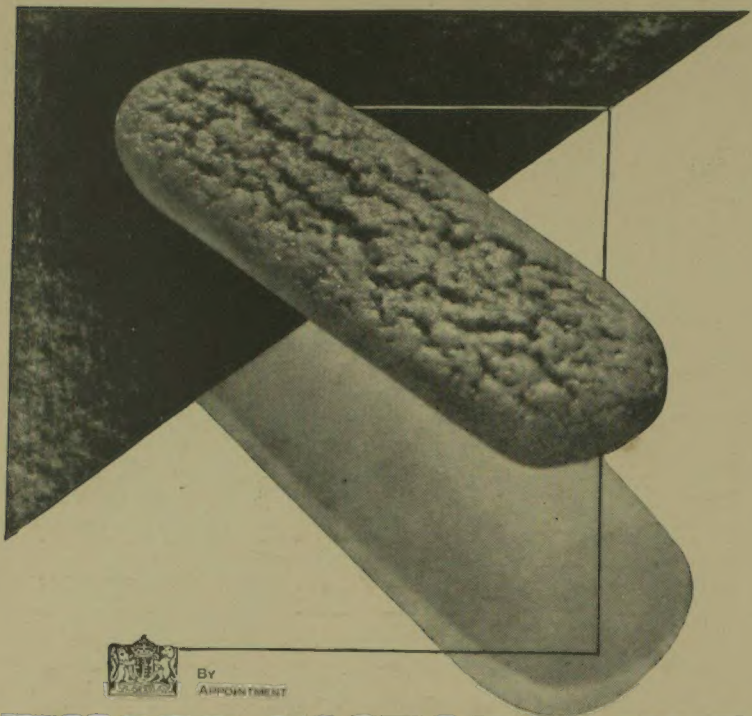
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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1932.



THE EMPEROR OF DOORN HOUSE: THE EXILED KAISER DINING WITH HIS FAMILY.

Elsewhere in this number we give some interesting new photographs illustrating the ex-Kaiser's daily life in his Dutch place of exile at Doorn. The above photograph, which belongs to the same series, shows a typical gathering at the dinner table. Next to the Kaiser (to left, far side) is his grandson, Prince Hubertus, the ex-Crown Prince's third son, and next to the latter the Kaiser's step-daughter, Princess Henriette von Schönaich-Carolath. The Kaiser's second

wife, Princess Hermine, is in the left foreground, with her back to the camera. A German writer says: "The largest room at Doorn is the dining-room. On the walls are portraits of the late Kaiserin, the Kaiser, and his present wife. The midday and evening meals are attended by the Kaiser's suite, his doctor, and Princess Henriette's governess. Dress is informal, and the food comparatively simple. The idea of extreme luxury at Doorn is quite false."

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THE EMPEROR OF DOORN HOUSE: THE TAKEN OF THE EXILED KAISER

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THE EX-KAISER FEEDING SOME OF THE WILD DUCKS THAT INHABIT THE MOAT AT DOORN: A TASTE WHICH THE EXILED EMPEROR SHARES WITH VISCOUNT GREY OF FALLDOON.



WHERE THE FORMER HEAD OF AN EMPIRE CAN IMAGINE HIMSELF STILL IN THE SADDLE: THE EX-KAISER'S DESK (FROM THE CASTLE AT BERLIN), WITH ITS SADDLE-SEAT.

WHILE Germany is working out her political destiny, her former Emperor continues to watch events from his place of exile in Holland, at Doorn, near Utrecht, while living the life of a country gentleman. An Italian journalist whom he received some months ago reported that the ex-Kaiser had long studied the question of war guilt, and hoped to prove Germany's innocence. He was then planning to found at Doorn an academy for archaeological research. Last April, it was reported that one of his sons, Prince August Wilhelm, stated that he had his father's permission to stand as a Nazi candidate in the Prussian elections, but when the ex-Crown Prince was selected as a candidate for the

(Continued below.)



PRINCESS HERMINE AT HER DESK, WHERE SHE STUDIES ALL SIDES OF THE POLITICAL SITUATION: THE EX-KAISER'S WIFE, ON WHOM FALLS THE CHIEF BURDEN OF RECEIVING THE NUMEROUS VISITORS WHO CALL AT DOORN HOUSE ALMOST EVERY DAY.



THE EX-KAISER'S PLACE LAID FOR HIM AT TABLE: A SOUVENIR OF ROYALTY IN THE COATS OF ARMS ON THE GLASSES, AND THE SMALL AMOUNT OF CUTLERY INDICATIVE OF A FRUGAL REFEAST.

Presidency, the Kaiser vetoed the plan, though he allowed a demonstration in favour of Herr Hitler. A few days ago an armed intruder was caught in Doorn House, and was found to be a former German railway official, who had been in prison for theft and later in an asylum. The accompanying photographs, with that on our front page, give interesting glimpses of daily life at Doorn (previously illustrated in our issues of March 21 and October 3, 1931). The ex-Emperor now looks more cheerful. His second wife, Princess Hermine, widow of the late Prince of Schönau-

(Continued opposite.)



LEAVING DOORN HOUSE FOR EXERCISE: THE EX-KAISER (SECOND FROM LEFT), THE ADJUTANT

MOST INTIMATE PHOTOGRAPHS YET AT HIS HOME IN HOLLAND.

GENERAL PHOTOGRAPHIC AGENCY



A QUIET EVENING IN THE DOMESTIC CIRCLE: THE EX-KAISER IN THE READING-ROOM (WHERE HE OFTEN READS ALOUD) WITH HIS SECOND WIFE, PRINCESS HERMINE, AND HER DAUGHTER, PRINCESS HENRIETTE.



THE EX-KAISER'S READING-DESK IN THE READING-ROOM: EVIDENCE OF HIS INTEREST IN INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS AFFORDED BY THE TITLE OF THE RIGHT-HAND DOCUMENT—"WAR BEST QUESTIONS."

Carloth, had two sons and two daughters by her first husband. A German writer, describing Doorn and its occupants, says: "Sunday after Sunday, visitors come in cars and buses, through the otherwise quiet village, and fill the newly-opened hotels. Morning prayer in the Haus Doorn, which the Kaiser reads himself, affords an opportunity for regimental clubs, societies, and single visitors to see the Kaiser and his family, speak to them after prayers, and give them presents. Doorn is a magnet that draws many thousands of Germans who see in the

(Continued above.)



A GIFT PRESENTED ON THE FORTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE EX-KAISER'S ACCESSION AS WILHELM II. (ON JUNE 15, 1888): A MONUMENT BEARING HIS INITIAL AND THE DATE OF THE PRESENTATION.

monarchy the only hope of salvation, or who have hereditary ties with the House of Hohenzollern. Masses of letters are received daily, and visitors arrive from all parts. These visitors mean much work, the greatest burden of which is borne by the Kaiser's wife. Not a day passes that she does not receive visitors in her study. Her attempts to discover the truth of things can be seen by the various books and papers of every tendency on her desk, for she finds it informing to learn different opinions even when they are not favourable." The ex-Kaiser often drives to Amerongen to visit Count Bentinck, who gave him hospitality for his first eighteen months of exile.



PRINCESS HENRIETTE VON SCHÖNAU-CARLOTH (LEFT), YOUNGER DAUGHTER OF PRINCESS HERMINE AND STEP-DAUGHTER OF THE EX-KAISER, AT WORK UNDER THE TUITION OF HER GOVERNESS, FÄULIN VON ZIMMERMANN.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

THE man who does not keep Christmas is an incomplete human being. But men of that sort do not generally understand ideas of that sort, and they do not realise what we mean by the Incomplete Man because they themselves have another notion which may be called the Uncompleted Man. According to this notion, a man is at this moment an uncompleted animal, who is going to turn into something more proud and pure; and the steps of his improvement seem to consist chiefly of losing things. So that if he loses his taste for mince-pies, or his ear for music, or his palate for wine, or his instinct for pageantry, he can pause over each of these losses and say: "I am now so much the lighter for my aerial journey to the other end of nowhere; I have made a step along the path that will lead me to something, of which I only know that it will be something else; it is obvious to the meanest intelligence that I am less of a man; so it follows, as seen by the loftiest intelligence, that I am more of a superman." For such a man, in fact, incompleteness is not so much a defect as the realisation of a defect. But that must of necessity mean that the man must always be an incurable defective.

He is by nature what the medical people call mentally deficient: for he is at any moment deficient in the power of explaining whither he is going; of knowing what he will be like to-morrow; or telling us what he is going to turn into next. There is no definition of that higher level which he can only reach by having vertigo on this level. There is no description of the end of evolution, except that evolution will never end. For nobody ever attempted to describe the Superman half so definitely as mystics and moralists tried to describe the Soul in glory, or the Angel, or the spiritual nature of Heaven. And as what we gain eventually by evolution may be anything, it naturally follows that what we lose in the process may be anything. As we do not know into what kind of animal we shall be changed, we do not know what legs or arms, or eyes or nose, or wits or whiskers, will vanish in that change. And if the final product of evolution does not eat Christmas pudding because he has no mouth, or does not dance at Christmas parties because he has no legs, or does not sing Christmas carols because cosmic vibrations have made it unnecessary or impossible to possess a voice, then we can only say that we understand the things he has lost, but do not in the least understand the things he will gain; if, indeed, there is anything to be gained.

Now, this philosophy seems to us to be irrational and idiotic; not merely because it contradicts common sense, but because it contradicts itself. It asks us to act as towards an end, at the same time saying that the thing is, in every sense, endless. It tells us that there is nothing sacred in our status as human beings, and yet assumes that there is something sacred in the process that will destroy that status. That is, our present condition is meaningless because it is only the outcome of evolution; but there must be a wonderful meaning in the next stage, because that also is the outcome of evolution. Because there is no design in Nature, we gained all our faith and fun accidentally. But we must lose

them all intentionally, for the sake of the design that does not exist in Nature. If the evolutionist only means that we shall guide our evolution so that it produces more of what we now actually want, then he means no more than everyone has always meant; and I shall guide mine so as to gain more mince-pies and mummings and Christmas carols. But if he means that something without a will will guide us to something that we don't want, by turning us into something that might want it, I respectfully repeat that his philosophy is a farrago of nonsense; which is not even consistent with itself, let alone with reason.

A man cannot wear five different kinds of hat at once, except on very high and holy festivals. It is natural, therefore, that he should take them in due order; but his experience will be enlarged if he does, sooner or later, wear his grandfather's hat and his great-grandfather's hat as well as his own. And anyone really following the fashion in hats will notice that hats of the most venerable antiquity do, in fact, return as novelties. But the spectacle of a man forced for ever to invent more and more outrageous and intolerable types of hat, merely that he may avoid any type of hat hitherto worn, is a nightmare of mere nonsense in the name of novelty. But though a man will commonly, in the dull round of daily life, decorate one head with one hat, this necessity does not exist where civilisation has dedicated different hats to different days. In other words, where men recognise the same principle of seasons and dates of festivity, it is possible on certain days to share the life of our ancestors, and to do things which are part of our past, and therefore should be part of our present. The true heir of all the ages will then have no hesitation in putting on all the hats, even if they all come out of crackers.

There is a narrowness in all this newness which cuts us off from the fulfilment of the nature of man, and, until we have done that, I am willing to wait for instruction in the ways of the Superman. It may be that, under certain industrial urban conditions, men lose the sense of hearth and home. But nobody thinks those industrial conditions are nice conditions. It may be that, under the hustle and crush that crowds the tubes and trams, men forget the pleasures of grace and dignity that belong to ceremonial and to the old dances. But nobody particularly likes the crush in the tubes and trams. Those modern conditions, which are supposed to be inconsistent with ancient celebrations, are really modern conditions which are already inconsistent with modern comfort. We are protecting against antiquity, not the comforts, but the discomforts of our own time. We are trying to preserve the status of a strap-hanger, as if it were the status of a citizen or a gentleman, and refusing the older rituals, because they would not allow us to be as uncomfortable as we are. Nobody needs to deny that there are modern comforts which have been honestly the product of modern work or discovery. But there is nothing in these that would be destroyed by the observance of traditional festivals and forms. The proposal is that the festivals and forms should be destroyed by the mere conveniences; but the fact is, by this time, that they would be destroyed by the inconveniences. Though we have

much more rapid methods of travel, it is already doubtful whether we always travel more rapidly, and very doubtful whether we travel more comfortably. It may be more convenient for ten people to keep Christmas in one hotel instead of ten houses, but it is not more convenient for them to keep it in ten taxi-cabs stuck in ten blocks of the traffic. We do not know yet what will be the end of the peculiar modern expedient, but certainly it is growing more peculiar, and to experience nothing else is to grow narrow as well as peculiar. A man may be more broadminded when he stays at home and looks back on two thousand years.



GAS-MASKED MEMBERS OF THE ST. JOHN'S AMBULANCE BRIGADE GIVING ATTENTION TO A "GASSED" PERSON AT THEIR RECENT DEMONSTRATION.



GAS-MASKED MEMBERS OF THE ST. JOHN'S AMBULANCE BRIGADE WALKING IN THE STREET AT CLERKENWELL.

BRITISH PRECAUTIONS AGAINST GAS ATTACK FROM THE AIR: THE ST. JOHN'S AMBULANCE BRIGADE INSTRUCTED IN THE USE OF GAS-MASKS AND IN FIRST-AID TREATMENT OF CIVILIANS SUFFERING UNDER CHEMICAL WARFARE.

In our issue of November 19, it will be recalled, we published the greater part of Mr. Baldwin's speech of November 10 on aerial warfare, together with photographs illustrating certain precautions against gas attack being taken on the Continent. We quoted Mr. Baldwin as saying that this country is similarly taking precautions—and here we illustrate measures to which he was in part, no doubt, referring.

But when we say that a man is incomplete, we mean something much more definite and debatable than this new nightmare of infinite incompleteness. We mean that mankind, as a whole, amid all its sorrows, has had certain joys, and that a mark of human completeness is a capacity for those joys. That some of them are old-fashioned, and others new-fashioned, is of no importance except for somebody who wants to narrow his experience of joy. It seems to me that this human completeness in culture is impossible without a readiness to share in the chief pleasures of the past. That fashions in such things as dress should change is comprehensible.



NICKNAMED "THE POLAR BEAR": AN ASBESTOS MASK USED IN FACTORIES AS A PROTECTION AGAINST FIERY DUST.



A MASK USED BY WORKERS IN COLOUR-SQUIRTING PROCESSES: A TYPE THAT CAN BE FILLED WITH AIR ACCORDING TO REQUIREMENTS.



A THERAPEUTIC MASK FOR CASES OF ASTHMA: THE "ALERGOLIX," THROUGH WHICH THE PATIENT GETS PURIFIED AIR.

THE CARBONIC OXIDE MASK: A TYPE USED IN GAS-WORKS, BY FIRE BRIGADES, AND IN TRAINS PASSING THROUGH TUNNELS.



PEACE HATH HER "GAS"-MASKS NO LESS WEIRD THAN WAR: FOUR GERMAN INDUSTRIAL TYPES (IN FRONT) COMPARED WITH THREE MILITARY TYPES.



FEARSOME OF ASPECT BUT REALLY THE SIMPLEST OF ALL: THE "DEGEA" STONE-DUST MASK USED BY ALL MINERS AND IN BLASTING OPERATIONS.



AN "ALL-OVER" HOOD TYPE USED BY WOMEN WORKERS AS A PROTECTION FROM DUST: THE "DEGEA-ABTOLIX" MASK.



DESCRIBED AS AN "ATOM-FILTER" USED AS A PROTECTION AGAINST WAR GAS: A TYPE REQUIRING A COVER TO SHIELD THE EYES.

It is not only in war that protective masks are required, for purposes in which Voluntary Aid and Red Cross detachments (as shown in our illustrations opposite) have recently been training. Masks are equally essential in time of peace, as a protection for industrial workers, not only against poisonous gases and fumes, but also from metallic and other particles, such as silica dust, which arise in various manufacturing processes and would cause disease in the pulmonary system if they were not guarded against. Germany, like this country, boasts an extraordinary variety of masks and respirators for industrial

and medical purposes, and people are trained to use them. On this point we may recall a note on our illustrations (in a previous number) of anti-gas manœuvres at Bremen. "In Germany the initiative in this matter has been taken by private associations; for gas-drill has its uses as a precaution under peace conditions as well as in war." The emergencies rehearsed included first-aid after injuries by prussic acid, carbonic gas, noxious fumes from motors running in a closed garage, ammonia poisoning, and phosgene poisoning. Similar protective measures of every possible kind are used in British industry.

WORSHIPPERS OF THE LONG-NOSED GOD:

DISCOVERIES IN GUATEMALA: SCULPTURES REPRESENTING HUMAN SACRIFICE; EVIDENCE OF EXTRAORDINARY CONSERVATISM IN MAYA ART AND RELIGION.

By THOMAS GANN, F.R.G.S., F.R.A.I., Lecturer on Central American Archaeology, University of Liverpool; Author of "Discoveries and Adventures in Central America." (See Illustrations Opposite.)

AMONGST the most interesting objects ever found in the Maya area are four flat flakes of obsidian, of which three are illustrated in Fig. 1. They vary from one and a-half to four inches in length, and half an inch to an inch and a-half in thickness, and upon them are engraved the figures of various gods worshipped by the ancient Maya. The work is somewhat crudely done, evidently with a sharp-pointed implement, over which the engraver had not complete control, on the hard, glossy surface of his medium. The god most frequently depicted is the one known as the Long-Nosed God. He appears on all three flakes in Fig. 1. He was the God of the Earth, of Rain, and Fertility, and as the Maya were an almost exclusively agricultural people, dependent for sustenance on their plantations, which in their turn depended upon a sufficient rainfall in the wet season, this god naturally occupied first place in the Maya Pantheon.

The only three Maya codices which have survived deal with calendrical calculations, divinations, and the seasons at which certain religious ceremonies were to be celebrated, with pictures of the gods in whose honour they were performed. On comparing the figures on these obsidians with those of the codices, it is seen that they both depict the same gods, the Long-Nosed God, in his various avatars, being almost identical in each, while one or two other examples represent the Maize God. These objects

offering to the god a human heart, which he has just cut out of the sacrificial victim with the flint knife held in his right hand. To the left of the picture is a small priest, holding in his left hand part of a thigh-bone, and in his right a child, which he is offering to the god. On the right top and left bottom of the picture are seen human heads, from which birds of prey are picking the eyes, and at the right bottom, on a shield-like object, are a number of other heads of sacrificial victims, each with a horseshoe-shaped yoke partly surrounding it.

In a large mound in this region we discovered a burial which may well have been that of one of the priests depicted upon the sculpture. The mound which contained it measured fifty feet by sixty feet, and ten feet in height. At the centre, two large urns were found, each two feet high, the one superimposed upon the other (see Fig. 8), within which were human bones and the upper part of a human femur smoothly separated from the lower.

Around these urns were found the stone yoke, eighteen inches high, shown in Fig. 4, and the curious object seen in Fig. 6, representing a human skull upon which is perched a bird of prey, its beak within one of the eye-sockets of the skull. This disc is ten inches high, and the sculpture, which is finely executed, is exactly the same upon both sides. With these were a leaf-shaped obsidian knife, a string of small jade beads, and a large number of pottery vessels, several of which were decorated with the figure of a monkey in appliqué. Near the urn were a number of clay figurines, all of women in sitting positions. One of these is shown in Figs. 7 and 9. It will be seen that, like the skull, the figure is double, and that both the head-dress and the clothing are very elaborately ornamented. On excavating round the edges of the mound, fragments of a large number of pottery incense-burners were found, all of which had been decorated externally by figures, in high relief, of gods, men, animals, and grotesque creatures, very finely executed. Two of the heads of these are shown in Fig. 5. There can be little doubt but that this mound was the burial-place of one of the priests of the Nahua people who executed the stone sculptures, possibly of one of the priests depicted upon them, for in it (the pot) were the yoke, the knife, the upper part of a human femur, and the vulture pecking an eye from a human head, all of which were, as we

have seen, depicted in the sculpture. Incidentally, the use of a yoke is extremely interesting, for many explanations have been put forward as to the purpose for



FIG. 2. A DRAWING OF A MAYA SCULPTURE FOUND NEAR SANTA LUCIA: A SCENE SHOWING A SEATED SERPENT GOD (RIGHT) HOLDING TWO HUMAN HEARTS; A GIGANTIC PRIEST (CENTRE) OFFERING THE GOD A NEWLY-EXCISED HEART; A SMALL PRIEST (LEFT) HOLDING A THIGH-BONE AND OFFERING A CHILD; AND BIRDS OF PREY PICKING THE EYES OF SKULLS.

were found while excavating beneath one of the great stone monoliths at Tikal, the largest and possibly the most important of all the ruined Maya cities.

The earliest date recorded on a monolith at this city is A.D. 185, and the latest A.D. 609, and it was during this period that the obsidians were engraved and buried. The three codices which have survived were probably written shortly before the Spanish Conquest, nearly one thousand years after Tikal had been abandoned by its inhabitants, yet, as has been remarked, the figures on the obsidians resemble those of the codices extraordinarily closely. This fact renders the obsidian figures peculiarly interesting, for not only are they unique in being the only engraved figures of their type ever discovered, but they are actually dated by the monoliths beneath which they were found, and prove conclusively that the same gods were worshipped by the Maya in the fifth as in the fifteenth century, and that practically no change had taken place either in the artistic technique employed in their delineation or in the dress and appearance of the gods themselves in nearly one thousand years. The objects form, as it were, a small codex, ante-dating by nearly a millennium the earliest Maya codex now in existence, and showing conclusively how remarkably reactionary the Maya were, both in their art and their religion.

Near Santa Lucia, on the Pacific Slope, are found some of the finest aboriginal sculptures in Guatemala. They are the work of Nahua tribes, who, migrating from the valley of Mexico about the seventh century A.D., made their way along the Pacific Slope to the southern part of Guatemala, where they must have come in contact with the Maya left behind at Copan and Quirigua after the break-up of the old Empire, from whom they probably acquired their proficiency in stone sculpture. There are a great number of these sculptures, both in relief and in the round, one of the finest of which, measuring twelve feet by eleven feet, is shown in Fig. 2. It depicts three figures. On the right is the Serpent God, sitting upon a throne, holding in each hand a human heart. In the centre is a gigantic priest, seven feet four inches in height,



FIG. 1. FLAKES OF OBSIDIAN (BETWEEN 185 AND 609 A.D.) BEARING FIGURES OF THE LONG-NOSED GOD, FOUND UNDER A STONE MONOLITH AT TIKAL: EXAMPLES FROM A UNIQUE GROUP PROVING (BY COMPARISON WITH CODICES DATING FROM SHORTLY BEFORE THE SPANISH CONQUEST) THAT THE MAYA WORSHIPPED THE SAME GODS IN THE FIFTH AS IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

which these objects were intended. The vessels probably contained food offerings for the use of the dead in the next world, while the great censers were used, and then broken at the funeral ceremonies, a custom common all over the Maya area, and one which persists in many places to the present day. Fig. 3 illustrates (actual size) a curious square hollow seal, from this region, which shows strong Mexican influence. These seals, dipped in coloured fluid, were used for stamping merchandise imported from one district to another, probably to indicate that the local tax had been paid on them.

The large cinerary urn shown in Fig. 10, containing human bones, was discovered in a grave at the ancient Maya Quiche ruins of Zaculeu, and resembles closely similar urns from near Oaxaca, Mexico, where tombs containing magnificent objects of gold and gems were recently discovered. It is ornamented by the head of a god and probably a portrait of the dead whose ashes it contained. The lid of a similar urn, from near Quiche, is seen in Fig. 13, also ornamented by a head almost certainly a portrait of the dead. And in Fig. 12 is seen an entire human figure decorating a similar lid, obtained from a cave near the ancient site of Chalchitan. The faces on these cinerary urns show such remarkable personal characteristics that little doubt can exist as to their being portraits of the individuals whose bones they contained, and I am of opinion that in some cases they even record the disease which caused their death. In Fig. 12, a great swelling is shown on the left side of the face, which can only be intended to represent some species of tumour; and near Cocales we found a similar urn, in which the abdomen of the figure was enormously distended, probably to represent dropsy, or, as the figure was that of a female, pregnancy. It would, in many cases, of course, be beyond the aboriginal sculptor's art to record the ailment from which the deceased suffered, but it would be of interest to examine a series of these urns in order to determine how many of them indicate the cause of death.

The figurine seen in Fig. 11 was found in the same cave as that in Fig. 12, and in close juxtaposition to it. It belongs to the type known as Archaic, to which a vast antiquity has been assigned by many archaeologists. There can be no doubt, however, that these two figures are contemporaneous, and probably the work of the same artist, for the position is the same in both; the thighs are curiously drawn back behind the gluteal region in both, and the pottery is identical. Now the figurine in Fig. 12 certainly does not date back beyond the eighth century A.D., and is probably later; it follows, therefore, that the figurine in Fig. 11 and the archaic type of which it is almost a perfect example, far from dating back to a period long before the Christian era, were being manufactured in this region less than one thousand years ago.



FIG. 3. A CURIOUS SQUARE HOLLOW SEAL, SHOWING STRONG MEXICAN INFLUENCE: ONE OF THOSE WHICH WERE DIPPED IN COLOURED FLUID AND USED FOR STAMPING MERCHANDISE, PROBABLY AS A SIGN THAT TAX HAD BEEN PAID.

MAYA RELIGIOUS ART IN GUATEMALA:
REMARKABLE SCULPTURES AND CINERARY URNS.

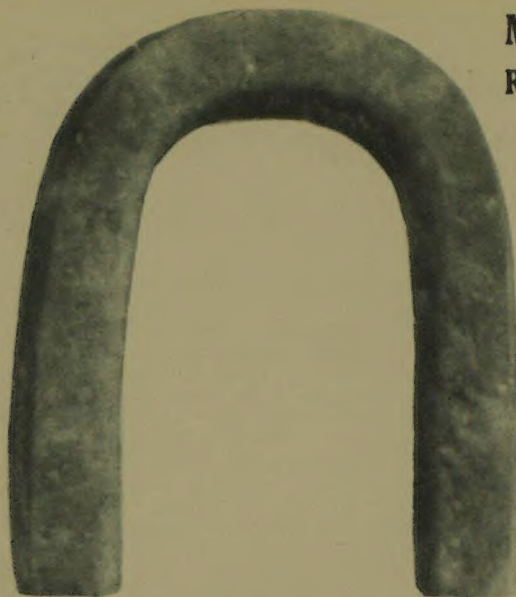


FIG. 4. A STONE YOKE (18 IN. HIGH) FOUND AROUND THE TWO BURIAL URNS SHOWN IN FIG. 8: A MYSTERIOUS OBJECT WHOSE PURPOSE HAS PUZZLED ARCHÆOLOGISTS.



FIG. 5. GROTESQUE HEADS, FINELY EXECUTED, FROM POTTERY INCENSE-BURNERS, DECORATED IN HIGH RELIEF WITH FIGURES OF GODS, MEN, AND ANIMALS, DISCOVERED AT THE GRAVE OF A NAHUA PRIEST.



FIG. 6. A PLAQUE (SCULPTURED ALIKE BOTH SIDES) REPRESENTING A HUMAN SKULL AND A BIRD OF PREY WITH ITS BEAK IN THE EYE-SOCKET—FOUND WITH THE URNS IN FIG. 8. (10 IN. HIGH.)



FIG. 7. A CLAY FIGURINE OF A SEATED WOMAN (ALIKE BACK AND FRONT) WITH ELABORATE COSTUME AND HEADDRESS: A FULL-FACE VIEW OF THE SAME FIGURE AS SEEN IN NO. 9.



FIG. 8. TWO LARGE FUNERARY URNS (EACH 2 FT. HIGH) SUPERIMPOSED, AND CONTAINING HUMAN BONES, FOUND IN THE CENTRE OF A MOUND—PROBABLY THE BURIAL PLACE OF A PRIEST REPRESENTED IN THE SCULPTURE SEEN IN FIG. 2.



FIG. 9. THE DOUBLE CLAY FIGURINE OF A SEATED WOMAN ILLUSTRATED ALSO IN FIG. 7: A PROFILE VIEW SHOWING AN INTERESTING FACIAL TYPE WITH LONG AQUILINE NOSE.



FIG. 10. DECORATED WITH THE HEAD OF A GOD AND PROBABLY A PORTRAIT OF THE DEAD: AN URN, CONTAINING HUMAN BONES, FROM A MAYA GRAVE, AND RESEMBLING THOSE FOUND NEAR OAXACA, MEXICO.



FIGS. 11 AND 12. THE CAUSE OF DEATH REPRESENTED IN MEMORIAL SCULPTURE? FIG. 12 (RIGHT) A FIGURINE OF ABOUT THE EIGHTH CENTURY A.D., WITH A SWOLLEN FACE, PERHAPS INDICATING A TUMOUR; FIG. 11 (LEFT) AN EXAMPLE OF THE SO-CALLED "ARCHAIC" TYPE, BUT DOUBTLESS CONTEMPORARY.



FIG. 13. THE LID OF A CINERARY URN OF SIMILAR TYPE TO THAT ILLUSTRATED IN FIG. 10: AN EXAMPLE FOUND NEAR QUICHE, ORNAMENTED WITH A HEAD ALMOST CERTAINLY A PORTRAIT OF THE PERSON BURIED IN THE GRAVE.

In the article on the opposite page, describing his recent discoveries in Guatemala, Dr. Cann gives some interesting details regarding the objects illustrated above. In the centre of a large mound, measuring 50 ft. by 60 ft. and 10 ft. high, were found the two superimposed urns (Fig. 8) which contained human bones. This burial, he considers, may well have been that of one of the priests who are seen in the sculpture (illustrated opposite in Fig. 2) engaged in human sacrifices to a serpent god. Around these urns were found a stone yoke (Fig. 4) and the curious plaque (Fig. 6) representing a bird of prey picking the eyes of a human skull—a subject that appears also incidentally in Fig. 2. Elsewhere cinerary urns (Figs. 10, 12, and 13) were found adorned with what are probably portrait sculptures of the dead. Figs. 11 and 12 afford evidence for re-dating the so-called "archaic" type of figurines.

Notes for the Novel-Reader: Fiction of the Month.

"FIRST Night," as its title indicates, is a novel about a play, or, to put it more accurately, a novel round a play, for practically the whole of the action takes place during the first performance of "Set to Partners." In a sense, the play is the thing; for it brings into relationship, though not necessarily into harmony, everyone connected with the production. From the author down to the clerk in the box-office, everyone in the theatre has some interest in the progress of Cecil Williams's comedy, but it is an interest that varies considerably in degree. The critics, for the most part, are bored; the actors apprehensive; the audience, free from a sense of responsibility, watch the play with mixed feelings. To them it is simply an entertainment, often of secondary interest to their own private affairs, which, discussed freely between the acts, become as dramatic as the play itself.

Mrs. Rea has arranged her group with masterly skill. The question now becomes: how is she to make a story out of it, how is she to turn a spectacle—which is an end in itself, which closes with the closing of the theatre—into a tale? By a method as simple as it is effective. The playwright is in love. The object of his affection (who sits among the audience) is a young woman of expensive tastes. She will not marry Cecil Williams the chartered accountant, but she will graciously consent to marry Cecil Williams the author of a famous and successful play. If the play makes a hit, it will be followed not only by rounds of applause, but by wedding-bells. The reader (confusing marriage with happiness) ardently hopes the play will succeed. Thus the drama behind the foot-lights contributes to the drama of the story. No doubt there is something a little mechanical about the motive force Mrs. Rea applies to her novel, but it works; it gives a central interest. "First Night" is a very capably handled book, rich in observation of human nature.

For a writer who is generally on the side of the angels, Mr. J. D. Beresford is a man of wide sympathies. These sympathies he extends generously to Owen Hillington, the hero of "The Middle Generation." Owen himself is a very likable young man, but one gets a little tired of reading about his troubles on the threshold of manhood. These troubles lead to his marrying Nellie, a stall-holder at the old Westminster Aquarium, and much beneath him socially. He had come to London in the 'nineties, a raw youth, to study electrical engineering, and his marriage was a handicap to him. Nellie's death (which he genuinely grieved) released him from the consequences of his magnanimous error, though not entirely: he still had to provide for his little daughter, Judith. In the light of his past experience he made another marriage, although more satisfactory than the first, and we leave him with his feet firmly planted on the road to prosperity and happiness. Belonging to the "middle generation," he had neither the conventions of the nineteenth century to guide him, nor could he avail

himself of the emancipation, in sexual matters, of the twentieth. He had to feel his way, to experiment, to compromise. Mr. Beresford's story has the qualities and defects of its hero. It is a little tentative and inconclusive, but it is sensitive and subtle and sincere.

"Friday's Business" is slighter than some of Mr. Baring's stories, and it is a new departure inasmuch as most of the action takes place in an imaginary Balkan kingdom. But the characters are the same he is accustomed to handle with so much sympathy and skill: diplomats, statesmen, generals, newspaper correspondents, girls of great charm and little experience, slightly mysterious older women, equally charming, to whom a love-affair is the most natural thing in the world. And, like other stories by Mr. Baring, it is shadowed by the sense of doom. Destiny, that makes itself felt in the form-room at Eton, demands a more tragic sacrifice on the wider stage of Kossovian politics. "Friday's Business" is a subtle and, when one thinks over it, a rather frightening story.

It is not Destiny, but his own temperament, which makes such havoc in the life of Christopher Quin. As a child, he loathed the middle-class family to which he belonged; when he came to years of discretion (how little the phrase fits him!) he rushed to the opposite extreme, and found happiness in the arms of a prostitute. When she disappointed him, low life ceased to be sympathetic. Every virtue seemed to reside in the other end of the social scale: he married the daughter of a country gentleman who presently ran away with someone else. All this

its most serious symptoms. "The Sleepwalkers" is a trilogy in which he traces, through the medium of three representative figures—a Romantic, an Anarchist, a Realist—the progress of decadence. Beginning in the 'eighties, his survey concludes with the Armistice. It is a gigantic work, interspersed with sections of purely philosophic matter. The excellence of the translation enables the reader to appreciate the literary quality of "The Sleepwalkers"; its full significance is difficult to grasp. The book has magnificent passages; it is far from dull; yet it lacks the compelling force of "The Brothers Karamazov," with which (in point of scale and seriousness) it challenges comparison.

The scene of "The Singers" is laid in modern Würzburg, and here, too, disintegrating forces are at work. Herr Leonhard Frank, however, is not preaching a lesson to the world at large. He shows us the wretchedness of poverty, as exemplified in the lives of "the singers"—five out-of-work men, who plan to make a living as a concert-party; he shows us the trials and exaltations of adolescence, in the story of Hanna and Thomas; and (to measure the seriousness of the times) there is the murder of a hard-fisted landlord. It is a mixture, perhaps too much of a mixture; but it has exquisite touches of human nature which make it well worth reading.

Miss Willa Cather, too, is the historian of the short and simple annals of the poor. The three stories in "Obscure Destinies" are concerned with the lives of farmers and townsmen in the West of America; they belong to the nineteenth century or the early twentieth, and are untouched by the malaise of modern life. Miss Cather deals very tenderly with her characters; she has a keen eye for heroism and pathos, and she loves old people. But she sentimentalises them, and these stories, in spite of their grace are less distinguished than "The Shadow on the Rock."

"Night Flight" is a romance of the aeroplane postal service in South America. On the one hand we have the three pilots, human beings full of hopes and fears, struggling with the elements; on the other, the efficiency of the service, symbolised in the figure of the director, Rivière. For them, failure means hours of peril, perhaps loss of life; to him it means unpunctuality and inefficiency. But he is not without heart; and the interplay of his emotional nature and his professional outlook provides M. Antoine de Saint-Exupéry with a fascinating theme.

In "Christmas Pudding" the issues, happily, are not of life and death. Miss Mitford's plot is farcical: a young man with literary aspirations makes his way, under an assumed name, into the house of Lady Bobbin, intending to write a biography of her husband's grandmother, a poetess not without honour in the last century. He arrives (in the guise of her son's tutor) in time for a Christmas house-party. Miss Mitford's dialogue is immensely funny.

The plot of "Sorel's Second Husband" is even more ingenious. Sorel, in the thirties and still unmarried, views with despair, and perhaps envy, the success, in the country district in which they both live, of Mrs. Streatfield. Men flock around her like flies round a honey-pot. Mrs. Streatfield is not a widow, though she lives like one. How to achieve real widowhood—that is Sorel's problem; and far away in Capri, aided and abetted by her friend Emily, she solves it. The resulting complications are most diverting. I thoroughly enjoyed Mrs. Rickard's light-hearted variations on old themes.

Lady Cohen writes of the world of the modern débutante. Dolores St. Wynn wanted to have her fling—a small fling, at any rate; but her mother put every obstacle in her path. To judge from the picture Lady Cohen gives of the diversions of the "younger set" in London, Mrs. St. Wynn was right. But she is so devouringly maternal that one cannot help siding with Dolores. "In the Swim" is a pleasant story, and a warning to both mothers and daughters.



AN ENGLISH HERRING BUSS OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY: A FINE MODEL BASED ON ILLUSTRATIONS IN WAGHENAER'S "SPIEKELDER ZEEVAERDT," OF 1584.

The models illustrated on this page were constructed for the temporary Exhibition of British Fishing Boats and Coastal Craft in the Entrance Hall of the Science Museum, South Kensington. This one was fashioned by Major R. Williams, who was guided by illustrations in Waghenaer's "Spieckelder Zeevaerd" (1584) which show busses, large fishing-vessels of from 45 to 80 tons burden, net-fishing off the east coast of England. The sixteenth-century herring buss was fitted with three masts, each of which hoisted one square-sail, while the mainmast had, in addition, a topsail hoisted on a topmast which was scarfed into the lower mast. When riding to the nets, both foremast and mainmast were lowered to rest on a large crutch, or gallows, aft. The three-masted buss can be traced as late as 1709, and there can be little doubt that it is to this sail-plan that we owe the three-masted fishing lugger of 1790-1830. The dimensions of the original craft would be—burden, 56 tons; length from stem to stern, 58 feet; length of keel, 47 feet; breadth, 15 feet; depth in hold, 7.5 feet. The model is on a scale of 1:48.

is past history when we first make Christopher's acquaintance; disappointed, but not disillusioned, he is searching for some other mode of life, more especially some other person, whom his romantic fancy may fasten on and idealise. How he succeeds in his search is the subject of "Three Meet." It is a fantastic story, yet Mr. Bertram tells it with so much sympathy, and in such grave and beautiful prose, that he almost persuades the reader it might have happened.

Like so many of us, Herr Hermann Broch is much exercised by the present state of the world, especially by "the disintegration of spiritual values" and the "inertia of feeling," which are two of



AN ENGLISH HERRING BUSS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY: A MODEL OF A CRAFT OF 1768; MADE FROM DETAILED PLANS IN CHAPMAN'S "ARCHITECTURA NAVALIS MERCATORIA" (1768); WITH RIGGING FROM A PRINT OF ABOUT THE SAME DATE SHOWING "THE FREE BRITISH FISHERY OFF SHETLAND."

This model was made by Mr. Robert Orr. The scale is 1:48. The dimensions of the original craft would be—burden, 77 tons; length from stem to stern, 66 feet; length of keel for tonnage, 56.5 feet; breadth, 16.2 feet; depth in hold, 8.7 feet. It should be added that the English herring buss owed nothing to Dutch influence; with its vertical wall sides, it was essentially English and developed from such English vessels as the Yorkshire Keel and the Billy-Boy. With regard to rig, it should be noted that, as early as 1677, the disadvantages of a foremast, which spread only a small square-sail and yet had to be lowered whenever the nets were shot, had been perceived and the spar had been transformed into a running bowsprit, on which a jib was set.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

- First Night. By Lorna Rea. (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.)
 The Middle Generation. By J. D. Beresford. (Collins; 7s. 6d.)
 Friday's Business. By Maurice Baring. (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.)
 Three Meet. By Anthony Bertram. (Chapman and Hall; 7s. 6d.)
 The Sleepwalkers. By Hermann Broch. (Secker; 10s.)
 The Singers. By Leonhard Frank. (Grayson and Grayson; 7s. 6d.)
 Obscure Destinies. By Willa Cather. (Cassell; 7s. 6d.)
 Night Flight. By Antoine de Saint-Exupéry. (Desmond Harmsworth; 6s.)
 Christmas Pudding. By Nancy Mitford. (Bustlerworth; 7s. 6d.)
 Sorel's Second Husband. By Mrs. Victor Rickard. (Jarrolds; 7s. 6d.)
 In the Swim. By Nina Cohen. (Murray; 7s. 6d.)

WORSHIPPING BY HAND GESTURES: MUDRAS OF A BALINESE PRIEST.



SYMBOLIC MOVEMENTS OF THE ARMS, HANDS, AND FINGERS AS A WAY OF APPROACHING THE DEITY: A *PEDANDA*, OR HIGH-PRIEST, OF BALI, PERFORMING HIS SILENT PRAYER.

In the Dutch East Indian island of Bali, the *pedanda*, by virtue of his membership of the highest Brahmin caste, devotes the whole of his life to the adoration of the deity. Either Buddha or Siva may be the object of his worship, since in Bali both Hinduism and Buddhism have become merged with the ancient spirit-cult in a way peculiar to that island, and there is now little differentiation between the two religions. The *mudras*, a series of sacred and symbolic gestures which formed part of ancient Hindu and Buddhist ritual, have here received an unusual development. Dressed in priestly white, the *pedanda*

first performs elaborate genuflections; then, after adopting the classic attitude of Buddha and speaking prayers which are accompanied by the ringing of a small bronze bell, he proceeds to the silent prayer of the *mudras*, mystic gesticulation in which the supple hands move rapidly and weave strange symbolic patterns. In these photographs, believed to be the first ever taken of the Balinese series of *mudras*, it will be seen that only the nails of the priest's left hand have been allowed to grow long. Our issue of April 26, 1924, contained drawings and an article on the *mudras* by Tyra de Kleen.

NEW YORK FROM THE SKY: THE FINANCIAL CENTRE OF THE UNITED STATES.



WHERE GREAT BRITAIN PAID THE WAR DEBT TO AMERICA: NEW YORK CITY, IN WHICH THE CHIEF FINANCIAL INSTITUTIONS OF THE UNITED STATES ARE CONCENTRATED — THE BRIDGES THAT BIND MANHATTAN TO THE WORLD.

No. 1 is Brooklyn Bridge, closely followed by (2) the Manhattan Bridge. Still farther up the East River is (3) the Williamsburg Bridge, and, at 59th Street, leading over to Long Island City and Queens (4) the Queensboro Bridge. Hell Gate Bridge (5) is a railroad bridge. On

the other side of Manhattan Island is her only bridge that spans the Hudson (6), the George Washington Bridge. Beyond that lies (7) Yonkers, and beyond that the expanse of Westchester County. The end of Manhattan Island is New York's financial district.



PHOTOGRAPHED FROM A HEIGHT OF ABOUT 5000 FEET: LOOKING FROM THE BROOKLYN SHORE OF THE EAST RIVER TOWARDS THE RAMAPO MOUNTAINS.

The Brooklyn shore of the East River is in the near foreground. 1. Governors' Island. 2. The main business section of Brooklyn. 3. The Navy Yard. 4. Greenpoint, Brooklyn. 5. Manhattan.

6. Bayonne, N.J. 7. Jersey City. 8. Hoboken. 9. Union City. 10. Elevated auto highway being built between Jersey City and Newark. 11. Newark. 12. Elizabeth, N.J.

With the world vitally interested in Great Britain's War Debt payment to the United States, which took place, on December 15, in the gold-vaults of the Federal Reserve Bank, New York, it may be recalled that (to quote the "Britannica" on New York) "since the beginning of the city's history, the financial district of

New York has been at the end of Manhattan Island, below Fulton Street. Here are the largest banks and trust companies, the exchanges, and many insurance headquarters." And, of course, Wall Street is included—Wall Street, "a street in the lower part of New York City (Manhattan Island) on which or near which

[Continued opposite

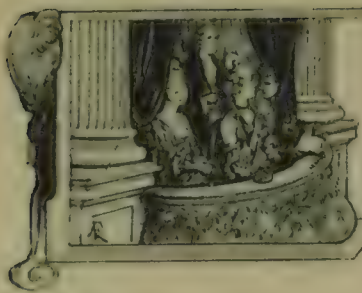
NEW YORK FROM THE SKY-SCRAPER: A VIEW FROM A BIG BANK'S WINDOWS.



THE SKYLINE OF LOWER MANHATTAN—WHERE WALL STREET IS THE EQUIVALENT OF THE BANK OF ENGLAND DISTRICT :
THE SCENE FROM THE NATIONAL CITY BANK BUILDING, NEW YORK.

are concentrated the chief financial institutions of the United States. It corresponds to the London financial district in Threadneedle, Throgmorton, and Lombard Streets, and is rivalled only by that centre in its importance as an international money market." In the photograph reproduced above, the Lower Manhattan

sky-line is seen from a window of the National City Bank Building. On the left is the Bank of Manhattan Building. The Woolworth Building is the white structure to the left centre; the Empire State Building is near by; on the right is shown a part of the Chrysler Building.—[PHOTOGRAPH BY BROWNING STUDIOS, N.Y.C.]



The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.



CHRISTMAS ENTERTAINMENT OF TO-DAY.

NOTHING on earth can mar a Briton's Christmas. Not all the economic anxieties, national and international difficulties, nor all the gloomy forebodings of the pessimists can stop the carol-singers cheerfully singing "The Holly and the Ivy," nor change the spirit of Christmas with its feeling of liberality, good fellowship, fraternity. Though the feast of "cakes and ale" may be harder to come by, we shall still preserve that Dickensian mood, with its turkey, plum-pudding, and cheery cups message; for sermons of goodwill are indigestible on an empty stomach. Is it not a wise convention, a witness of our national character, resilient against the rocks of trouble and depression, that enables us through Christmas-tide to shake ourselves free with robust energy from the pressing immediacies? The children are at home, the schools are on holiday, and this sudden irruption of high spirits and lively anticipation brings a compensating and corrective antidote. The party feeling is abroad; the Feast of Stephen, which we call Boxing Day, is a day of earnest in theatreland. Whither shall we go?

Time was when the universal chorus answered "To the pantomime," and the older generation still treasures memories of the good old days of Dan Leno and Herbert Campbell at Drury Lane. A phantasmagoria of feathers and spangles, of principal boys with dashing airs and principal girls to be wooed with sentimental ballads, heroes and heroines of nursery rhymes, of comic villains with slapstick and ribald humours, extravagant and absurd as Ancient Pistol, still haunts the mind. It was a rigmorale, if you will, a noisy barrage of jokes and practical fooling veneered with a varnish of sentiment, a glittering structure of finery and fustian, but it thrilled, and remember, it had a history. What a history! Does it not reach back to Bathylus and Pylades, the great pantomimists who performed their danceful extravaganzas in the stadium theatres, to the Saturnalian festivities of Rome? The Pierrot and Harlequin diversions of Italian origin, and the acrobatic contortions that delight by their felicity of execution, are only Thespian growths on a long-established entertainment. It had rooted itself in our soil and woven our nursery tales into its texture. But it could only flourish like the bay-tree while it was supported by vivid personalities, and while the audience remained truly vulgar, in the best sense of that word. The old music hall, the training school of the old pantomimic artists, is dead. In place of appetite, we have to-day a more exacting taste and a keener sense of æsthetic appreciation. We may still deplore the vulgarities, the ostentations, the vandalisms that surround us, but we must recognise a more acute sensitiveness to these things. The stage itself has served as an educator, for whatever strictures may be passed on the matter of its productions, there was never more attention paid to the manner—to design, to the harmonious blending of colour, to æsthetic values of presentation. A passing reference to the art of the shop-window or of the poster is enough to point the argument. This sensitiveness to pictorial values has been stimulated by the cinema. With all its shortcomings—and it has many—it has vastly influenced its public, and sophistication has brought with it a more critical temper. The brittle mass of gorgeous tarnished tinsel, the barbarous badinage, and the monstrous brood of "ill-considered trifles" that we remember so fondly as old pantomime, would break at once to-day unless it were carried by a giant of personality who could compel us into acceptance.

The children, too—excepting, of course, the tiny tots who rejoice at anything—are less easily satisfied. We may regret the uncomfortable fact, but Walt Disney's cartoons on the films, which set them rocking with laughter, have already made them intolerant of infantile fooling. And Christmas is essentially their season. Fathers and mothers and benevolent aunts and uncles who accompany them may want to please themselves too, but their first concern is to please their chaperoned. The youngsters have read or been told the story of "Peter Pan," of "Alice in Wonderland," of "The Wind in the Willows," and Toad of Toad Hall is a familiar friend. And is there a schoolboy who has not revelled in Stevenson's "Treasure Island," fancying himself as Jim Hawkins and sailing the *Hispaniola* with Long John Silver aboard? Here is something more than feathers and tinsel and floods of light, more than a nursery rhyme or fairy-tale, with all the fantasy buried beneath banalities. Here is literature—real drama—providing something for the imagination to feed on, something sweeter and saner, something in which they can share both the adventures and the humour. Above all, there is more than spectacular effect, "where fustian sits plumed," for these are not entertainments

primarily designed for "grown-ups," but frankly for children. Such writers as Sir James Barrie, Mr. A. A. Milne, and the late Mr. Kenneth Grahame have enriched the children's theatre with grace and understanding, and the grown-up who cannot delight in the charms of such dainty annuals as "The Windmill Man" and "Where the Rainbow Ends" has lost the precious gifts of childhood. Revues and non-stop variety occupy the stage and fit the mood of the season that turns to lighter fare. All

vivid personalities that formerly carried the entertainment on their solo performances, we do get team-work and harmony, animation and an assembly of graces, if it is well done. The levities of the comedians or the commentaries of the compère are not offensively Rabelaisian, though the joke remains. Salacity, minus the salt of wit, finds no welcome, for it is merely dull, and dullness can have no defence. Shall we say these are only the diversions of an evening, the escapades of ingenious contrivance without pith and substance? Let us remember the season in extenuation, for we are keeping Christmas as our fathers did with turkey, pudding, the flowing cup, and merry-making, and if the fare seems to lack savour, it has at least a compensating refinement. Farce, with all its extravagances of situation and character, still holds the boards, and the farceur of to-day exploits the same farcical material—the incongruous that, by its juxtaposition of events, startles us out of our solemnities. Whether it be "The Private Secretary" or "Charley's Aunt," those hardy perennials that seem to blossom every Christmas, or the latest riotous adventures of the present farcical comedies, the object is attained if we laugh heartily. And we need to laugh these days to restore the disturbed balance.

A spectacle is not barren when the scenes are so beautifully set and the costumes so attractively designed. The spectacular delights of present productions may be realistic, but there is nothing of the crudity that passed the approving eye of our forefathers. And these are enhanced by music tuneful and expressive, by ballets delicate and bewitching in their grace, by humours that afford hearty relief, and by staging that is not only mechanically wonderful, but is employed with imagination, feeling, and taste. Here again we can slip into a world of make-believe and romance, and whether the entertainment be musical comedy or operetta, a visit will not be unrewarded.

Nor are the glories of pantomime departed, for not only do we find its elements of revelry incorporated in the newer forms of entertainment, but the traditional seasonal pantomimes still draw their audiences. They will not easily be dethroned from the affections, for their glitter and glamour and breezy knock-about are in keeping with the traditions, and is not Christmas festivity rooted there? The resources of the producer can bring pictorial effectiveness, the popular melodies a captivating lilt, and a handsome principal boy and winsome principal girl, together with comedians who can shake fun out of their parts, guarantee a lively show. And then is there not the Circus too, thanks to the everlasting enthusiasm of every man's friend, Mr. Bertram Mills, reminding us of the days when we were young enough to be thrilled by the exploits in the sawdust ring and when we, too, roared at the clown?

And for those who seek plays with more serious intent, there is selection enough. Let me again call attention to "Children in Uniform" at the Duchess, a play of poignant beauty and truth; to that brilliant effort of the late Mr. Ronald Mackenzie, "Musical Chairs," at the Criterion; to Mr. Rodney Ackland's remarkable "Strange Orchestra" at St. Martin's; to the triumph of Miss Edith Evans in "Evensong" at the Queen's. I could go on, for there are many pieces worthy of the attention of the playgoer. Whatever you seek—pantomime, spectacle, revue, musical comedy, or straight plays—whatever mood you seek to satisfy, gay or serious, flippant or frivolous; whatever entertainment you desire, plays for children or for grown-ups, you can find them in the theatre. Christmas without a visit to the playhouse is as inconceivable as Christmas without the pudding.



A TRADITIONAL DICK IN A TRADITIONAL CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME: FAY COMPTON AS SHE WILL APPEAR IN "DICK WHITTINGTON" AT THE LONDON HIPPODROME.

Fay Compton is the Dick Whittington at the London Hippodrome this year, with Leslie Henson playing opposite her. The show is produced by Julian Wylie, and its first performance is due on Boxing Day.

we ask is that the show shall be witty, and the turns original and varied. We are alive to the skilful mechanics that can so swiftly change a scene or set a panorama; and the evolution of the dances, if they are glowing with colour and movement, can pleasantly decorate the stage in patches as well as earn their own plaudits. If we do not meet the



HERBERT MARSHALL AND EDNA BEST (CENTRE) IN "ANOTHER LANGUAGE," AT THE LYRIC: A SCENE FROM THE THIRD ACT.

All the characters in "Another Language," the play by Rose Franken at the Lyric, are, by birth or marriage, members of the Hallam family. Here are seen (left to right): Louis Hayward as Peter Hallam; Charles Mortimer as Paul Hallam; Dora Barton as Etta Hallam; Herbert Marshall as Victor Hallam; Edna Best as Stella Hallam, Victor's wife; and Winifred Oughton as Helen Hallam. The acting throughout is of the highest class.



THE "SOUND-WRITER," HERR PFENNINGER, SMASHING A CUP WITH A HAMMER WHILE WATCHING AN OSCILLOGRAPH (THE CIRCULAR OBJECT NEAR HIS EYES) TO OBSERVE THE SHAPES OF THE SOUNDS SO THAT HE MAY DRAW THEM.



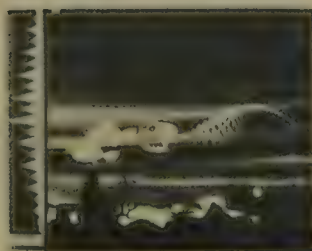
THE SHAPES OF SOUND BEING DRAWN ON SQUARED PAPER PRIOR TO PHOTOGRAPHING THEM ON TO A CINÉ-FILM.

It is well known that sound-waves spread in a way similar to that of water-waves. Sound-waves can be recorded. The simplest way of drawing sound is by attaching a needle to a vibrating tuning-fork, and letting it pass across a piece of glass blackened with soot. Sound-waves are also photographed for sound-films. "Sound-writing," on the other hand—an invention of a Munich engineer, Rudolf Pfenninger—consists of hand-drawn lines and curves. Our illustrations, taken at the "Emelka" studios in Germany, show Herr Pfenninger's methods. By means of an oscillograph, the nature and shape of sound-vibrations are observed. Then the shapes of the various sounds are hand-drawn on to squared paper, and finally photographed on the ciné-film at the left of each phase of the picture. During projection, the wave-like shapes obstruct a fine beam of light, which, as it varies in intensity, strikes a photo-electric cell. This cell, in conjunction with other apparatus, converts the electric

SOUNDS DRAWN BY HAND FOR "TALKIES": WRITTEN NOISES FOR FILMS.



IN THE SOUND-RECORDS LIBRARY: SELECTING THE SHAPE WHICH WILL SOUND AS THE NOTE "A" WHENEVER IT OCCURS IN THE MUSIC OF THE SCORE AT THE SIDE OF THE FILM.



THE SHAPES OF VARIOUS SOUNDS (SEEN IN THE LEFT MARGINS OF THREE DIFFERENT SECTIONS OF FILM) APPROPRIATE TO THE PARTICULAR INCIDENT SHOWN ON THE SCREEN: (LEFT) AN EERIE SQUAWK; (CENTRE) GUITAR MUSIC; AND (RIGHT) A STARTLING NOISE.



ADDING DENSITY TO THE SOUND-SHAPES AFTER THEY HAVE BEEN OUTLINED: A NECESSARY PROCESS IN PREPARING THE DRAWING FOR SOUND-REPRODUCTION.

pulsations into sound-vibrations, which are audible to the audience. In addition to being able to draw the vibratory shapes of normal sounds, Herr Pfenninger is also able to draw new sound-forms of his own, weird and fantastic noises "non-existent in nature." Moreover, he states that, by his method, he can "touch up" the voice of a film artist who, although a fine actor, may possess but poor vocal powers.

THE AERIAL KING OF THE NEW WORLD: DESCENDING A PERPENDICULAR CLIFF TO PHOTOGRAPH CONDORS IN PERU.



2. HOW THE LEDGE ON WHICH THE CONDORS NESTED WAS REACHED FROM THE CLIFF-TOP BY ROPE: A STAKE DRIVEN INTO THE GROUND NEAR THE EDGE, THE HEAD PROTRUDING AND LASHED DOWN TO A SMALLER STAKE.

IN writing an account of the manner in which we studied, with the aid of a camera, a pair of Great Condors (*Sarcophaga Gryphus*) in North-West Peru, it seems appropriate to commence with a dissertation on "Rope-work; How and, More Particularly, How Not to Climb Cliffs." In the first place, then, the rope used should be strong enough to support one's full weight under all conditions. A fall of a few feet will cause a stress in the rope of more than twice that due to your dead weight. It is better to kill yourself carrying a heavy rope than to be killed because the rope was too light to carry you.

The nest at which the accompanying photographs were taken was situated on a ledge some third of the way down a hundred and fifty foot cliff, and, as we had a rope long enough to reach from top to bottom, it was possible to be lowered to the nest and then on to the bottom of the cliff, returning on foot by a roundabout route. This meant that only one man and a stake were needed at the top of the cliff. When the climber has to be pulled up again, at least two men are needed, although the work is not as heavy as might be supposed. The general arrangement at the top of the cliff is shown in Fig. 1. A stout stake is driven into the ground at a safe distance from the edge, the head protruding two or more feet. The head of this stake is lashed down to a smaller stake driven in some three feet farther back. Even in soft soil, this will hold several men. If only a descent is intended, the lowering rope can then be given a complete turn round the main stake. Before starting the descent it is important to see that the rope is neatly coiled, so that it cannot become entangled at an awkward moment. The rope may be attached to the body in a variety of ways, but the best is to have a broad canvas belt loosely encircling



5. A NEWLY-LAID CONDOR'S EGG PHOTOGRAPHED IN THE NEST, WHICH WAS MERELY A PATCH OF SOFT SAND ON THE LEDGE: AN EGG ABOUT 3½ INCHES LONG, SOMEWHAT POINTED AT THE SMALL END.

the chest, with a ring in the front. The end of the rope can also be passed in a loose loop round the body as additional security. A leather "gaiter" is very useful where the rope passes over the edge of the cliff, as this protects the rope from fraying, and minimises the amount of dirt which is brought down on the head of the photographer. A hand-line of lighter rope may sometimes be used with advantage, made fast to the stake and hanging down the cliff.



6. FATHER AND SON: A FINE CLOSE-UP OF THE MALE CONDOR, SHELTERING THE YOUNG BIRD FROM THE SUN; SHOWING HIS WHITE RUFF AND WING FEATHERS AND HIS BLACK BODY AND TAIL.

is by far the worst stage in the proceedings, and should be taken slowly. Fig. 2 shows what happens if the rope is paid out too fast. The climber has allowed his body to drop to the level of his feet, with the natural result that the pull of the rope has caused his feet to shoot up in the air, and his body to hang wrong way up against the cliff. A good grip of the hand-line will help to prevent this humiliation.



2. WHAT HAPPENS IF THE ROPE IS PAID OUT TOO FAST: THE PHOTOGRAPHER'S LEGS SHOOTING UP IN THE AIR AS HE GOES BACKWARDS OVER THE CLIFF—SHOWING THE LEATHER "GAITER" TO STOP THE ROPE PRYING AT THE EDGE.

Once over the edge, the climber hangs in an almost horizontal position, with his feet against the cliff, and continues his walk backwards (Fig. 3). By this means he keeps his body from scraping the cliff, and allows a large proportion of the dirt brought down by the rope to fall between his legs. If there is no convenient ledge near the nest, it should be possible to take photographs by twining round in the sling and bracing one's legs against the cliff face.

If the photographer is to be pulled up, he can help the man at the top very considerably by taking as much of his weight as possible on his feet and the hand-line. One man of average strength can easily pull up a practised climber, but there should always be another man who, if not



3. THE RIGHT WAY TO DESCEND THE FACE OF THE CLIFF, WHICH SHOULD NOT BE AS DANGEROUS A PROCEEDING AS IT LOOKS: THE CLIMBER, SEEN AT THE TOP, HANGING IN AN ALMOST HORIZONTAL POSITION, HIS FEET AGAINST THE CLIFF, AND CONTINUING HIS WALK BACKWARDS.

hauling, can take up the slack and pass it round the stake. Then even if the hauler slips, the second man can always check the fall.

The nest which we have been observing is merely a patch of soft sand on the ledge. When first discovered in early October, there was one egg in the nest (Fig. 5), on which the female was sitting. The egg was pure glossy white, about 3½ inches long, and somewhat pointed at the small end. The parents took turn and turn about at hatching the egg, and later alternated in keeping the sun off the young bird. Unfortunately, it was only possible to visit the nest once a week, and the exact date of laying is unknown, but the period of incubation was at least four weeks. At the first visit after



4. THE FEMALE CONDOR ON GUARD: A BIRD SIMILAR IN SIZE AND GENERAL APPEARANCE TO THE MALE, WITH THE SAME CONSPICUOUS WHITE RUFF AND WHITE WING FEATHERS, BUT LACKING THE MALE'S COMB.

the egg had hatched, the male parent was on watch, and was so unafraid that the "close-up" shown in Fig. 8 could be taken. This photograph was taken at a range of about six feet, while the father stood over the son and heir, registering nothing more than a mild disapproval. An attempt was made to persuade him to allow the photographer a clear view of the young bird, but small stones and even light blows with the rope failed to move him, producing only a quantity of asthmatical bad language. On another occasion, the female showed herself more timid, abandoning her child to its fate as soon as we appeared at the top of the cliff.

The chick was first observed when it was three or four days old, when it appeared as shown in Fig. 7. It was covered with light brown down, and the bare skin of the head and neck was black, with a small black comb.



7. A CLOSE-UP OF THE CONDOR CHICK TAKEN WHEN IT WAS THREE OR FOUR DAYS OLD: THE YOUNG BIRD ON THE NEST, COVERED WITH LIGHT BROWN DOWN, AND HAVING A SMALL BLACK COMB.

The chick was first observed when it was three or four days old, when it appeared as shown in Fig. 7. It was covered with light brown down, and the bare skin of the head and neck was black, with a small black comb.



8. AN ASTONISHING PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AT A RANGE OF ABOUT SIX FEET: THE MALE CONDOR GUARDING THE YOUNG BIRD AND REFUSING TO MOVE EVEN WHEN STRUCK LIGHTLY WITH THE ROPE.

The rate of growth appeared to be slow, as at three-and-a-half weeks old no feathers were visible, though the down was darker, and the head brown rather than black. It is probably some years before the bird acquires its full plumage, as two young condors were seen near the same nest and, although almost fully grown in size, were a dark brown colour all over, with only a slightly lighter colouring where the ruff should be. The parents were fine specimens in full plumage. In size and general appearance, both male and female are much alike. Both have a conspicuous white ruff round the back and sides of the neck, a black body and tail, underparts black, wings black except for the secondary feathers, which are white on the upper side. Running down the front of the neck from the ruff to the breast-bone is a patch of bare skin, which is, however, usually covered by the overlapping feathers on each side of it. When the crop and neck are distended, this bare skin appears, a pinky-brown colour near the ruff, changing to pure white on the crop. The chief difference between male and female is in the head. Both have hooked beaks, black at the base and along the top, and white at the sides of the tip. The male has a large dark-brown comb tinged with pink, and the head and neck are covered with heavily wrinkled brown skin, turning yellow on the crown and red at the base of the neck near the ruff. The eye is brown, and above and in front of it is a small patch of red skin. The female has no comb, the head is brown and not so heavily wrinkled, but the neck has the same red colour near the ruff. The eye is ruby red. The condor is the largest of the vultures, having a wing span of eight or nine feet, and probably weighing between twenty and thirty pounds.

T. W. HUGH-JONES, B.Sc.

THE SKULL AND CROSS-BONES.

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF
"THE HISTORY OF PIRACY." By PHILIP GOSSE.*

(PUBLISHED BY LONGMANS, GREEN.)

THE Jolly Roger is no longer seen upon the world's waterways, and, if all we learned in boyhood be true, romance is the loser by its disappearance. But boyhood is apt to give us a somewhat false idea of piracy. We think of it chiefly as the isolated adventure of picturesque "gentlemen of fortune." The principal lesson we learn from Mr. Gosse's entertaining volume—if we did not realise it already—is that until comparatively recent times piracy has been a form of warfare, highly organised and on the grand scale.

It is certainly one of the most ancient of occupations. From the earliest times of which we have any record, the "basin of civilisation" swarmed with corsairs. Every schoolboy knows that at one period the commerce of Rome was so seriously threatened by pirates that Pompey the Great had to save the country from what had become a national crisis. Mr. Gosse, although he devotes an interesting appendix to piracy in ancient times, takes up the main story at a much later date, when the Barbary corsairs were the scourge of the Mediterranean. It is difficult for us nowadays, when we travel everywhere upon the high seas in perfect safety, except from the elements, to realise what dangers threatened the seafarer of the Middle Ages in almost every part of the world. The Barbarossas defied all Europe and withstood innumerable attacks. They routed and humiliated the Spanish navies, especially at Lepanto in 1538, harried the Knights of St. John, and by their capture of Cyprus in 1570 so startled the Western World that at last they brought down vengeance on their own heads and succumbed before the campaigns of Don John of Austria. All this, of course, was much more than piracy as Long John Silver and Blind Pew understood it: it was war—holy, and, by a lucky coincidence, profitable—upon the infidel, who, when captured, was slaughtered, tortured, or enslaved in the name of the Prophet. The Christian returned the courtesy, and many a piratical act was defended on the ground which was put forward as late as the end of the seventeenth century, "that it was no sin for Christians to rob heathens."

Mediterranean piracy abated little with the fall of the Barbarossas. "The business of piracy grew so vast in the seventeenth century that it is scarcely any longer possible to pick out isolated picturesque figures. The principal highways of the oceans were as dangerous . . . as the remotest roads of Calabria and Albania before the Great War. Commerce was crippled, famine in cities was not infrequent, families were torn apart and either permanently separated or impoverished by ransoms exacted to preserve the abducted member or members from the horrors of slavery." Algeria continued to be the great stronghold, and the Barbary corsairs established one of the most successful "rackets" in history. "Can any man believe," wrote the American Consul at Tunis in 1798, "that this elevated brute (the Dey of Algiers) has seven kings of Europe, two republics and a continent tributary to him, when his whole naval force is not equal to two line of battle ships?" "Yet the very next year the tribute amounted to fifty thousand dollars, twenty-eight guns, ten thousand cannon balls, besides quantities of powder, cordage and jewels." This state of things came to an end only a hundred years ago, when the French captured Algiers and released all Europe from ransom.

In Eastern seas, similar organisations were numerous and formidable. The whole of the Malabar Coast, between Bombay and Cochin, was preyed upon by the hordes of the Mahratta family of Angria, until Clive destroyed the fortress of Gheriah. No less aggressive were the fleets of the Joasmees on the "Pirate Coast" of Arabia: they took almost unchecked toll of shipping in the Persian Gulf until a British naval expedition, long overdue, chastised them in 1819. In the Malay Archipelago, fleets of Malays and Dyaks committed the most extensive depredations until that energetic ruler, Rajah Brooke of Sarawak, suppressed them by well-planned attacks and by uncompromising methods. In the China Seas, piracy has always been a thriving industry, and in some parts continues to be so. This is, indeed, the only region in which the corsair still plies his trade with any success.

As for our own nation, it is little wonder that from our tenderest years we love a pirate and cherish a secret ambition to become one, for (as Mr. Gosse does not hesitate to say) "the English race grew in time to be the first corsair nation of the earth." In the sixteenth century,

Richard Hakluyt, who spoke with authority on the subject, declared that "we and the French are most infamous for our outrageous, common and daily piracies." It may be said that every considerable port in the South of England was a nest of pirates: at the head of the industry stood the Cinque Ports, and Devon and Cornwall bred freebooters and "freetraders" in legions. The squires, and whole families of gentry, such as the notorious Killigrews of Cornwall, stood behind the gentlemen of fortune and shared their proceeds. The great cost of defence against pirates seriously crippled sea-borne commerce with the Continent: "there be," as Shylock observed, "land-rats and

might proclaim El Draque "the master thief of the known world," but Elizabeth's answer was to knight the "enemy of mankind" on the deck of the *Golden Hind*. When, after the audacious destruction of Panama, Henry Morgan, the most celebrated of the Port Royal buccaneers, was sent to England to stand his trial for piracy, he was not only acquitted by the jury but knighted by the King, and sent back to Jamaica, not as a prisoner, but as Deputy Governor of the island. Never before or since has piracy been quite such a gentlemanly and honourable profession, though it has seldom been actually ungentlemanly or dishonourable.

It is disappointing, therefore, to find that not all pirates have been gentlemen, nor yet very impressive blackguards. There are disillusionments in this volume for devotees of the picaresque. Captain Kidd appears to have been a very dull sort of cut-throat, little worthy of his fame; and it is appalling to learn that he was addicted to drinking, not rum, but *Bombay*, which is nothing more than lime-squash. The "Grand Pirate," Captain John Avery, who was supposed to have amassed fabulous wealth and to have become a sort of Oriental potentate, died in hiding at Bideford, "not being worth as much as would buy him a coffin." Crime, we all know, does not pay, but if piracy is not to pay, what is to become of all the hidden treasures of pieces-of-eight and pistoles and moidors? After this, it is refreshing to find that at least Blackbeard lived up to his reputation. Only two fragments of his journal survive, but, as Mr. Gosse remarks, "they have a distinct smack of Robert Louis Stevenson about them." "1718. Rum all out. Our Company somewhat sober—A dam'd Confusion amongst us! Rogues a plotting—great Talk of Separation—so I looked sharp for a Prize. (Later) Took one with a great deal of Liquor on Board, so kept the Company hot, damned hot, then all things went well again." We regret, however, to find no confirmation of the statement made by Stevenson, through the Chevalier de Burke, that Blackbeard, *alias* Teach, chewed pieces of glass in order to add to the ferocity of his appearance.

There were, assuredly, strange characters among the pirates. Captain Bartholomew Roberts not only exemplified the regrettable tendency to teetotalism which we have observed in Kidd, but strongly disapproved of gambling and was a strict Sabbatarian. He was also of scrupulous morals, of faultless attire, and of the most correct manners. Nevertheless, he managed to take four hundred ships, "a record, so far as is known, held by no other pirate." Captain Misson was no mere sea-robber, but a political theorist, who sailed under a white ensign with the motto "For God and Liberty": he founded two socialist republics, the second, in Madagascar, being the promised land of Libertatia, where "they might have some place to call their own; and a Receiptable, when age and wounds had rendered them incapable of Hardship, where they might enjoy the Fruits of their Labour, and go to their Graves in Peace." Perhaps the most remarkable career among the many which Mr. Gosse vividly sketches is that of Thomas Horton, a tailor's apprentice, born in 1759. He began by forgery, became a Swedish mercenary, murdered his captain, and married the widow, who, when she proved to be a shrew, was sent the same way as her late husband. Condemned to death for this crime, Horton escaped from gaol, fled to the Crimea, and joined a band of Tartar brigands. He then converted himself into an Arab and migrated to the Persian Gulf. He murdered the Governor of Basra, and sought shelter from the Sheikh of Kishmah, whose pirate admiral he became. His influence and ambition grew so rapidly that he soon slew his protector, married the widow (*more suo*), and had himself proclaimed Sheikh. A bloody villain, under whom an oppressed people must have groaned and trembled? On the contrary, he showed himself an excellent ruler! For twenty years he reigned, "respected and beloved by his subjects for his justice and mercy." There is, as they say in the North, nowt so queer as folk!

It is another blow to masculine supremacy to learn that women have from time to time been fierce and successful pirates. The most spirited of them, Mrs. Ching, established a long reign of terror in the China Seas.

The age of piracy proper ended about the middle of the nineteenth century, and the few stragglers after that time were poor, shabby exponents of their craft. In the legitimate cultivation of our criminal instincts, we must nowadays accept the gangster as a poor substitute for the pirate. *Sic transit gloria mundi!* C. K. A.



AN IRISH GIRL WHO RAN AWAY TO SEA AND BECAME A PIRATE: ANNE BONNEY.

Anne Bonney was brought up in Carolina, and there, a "strapping boisterous girl," slew her English servant-maid with a case-knife. Then she became a pirate, "as active as any with cutlass and marlinspike"; but she was captured and convicted in 1720, and her ultimate fate is not known.



ANOTHER FEMALE PIRATE, AND A FRIEND OF ANNE BONNEY'S: MARY READ.

Mary Read had an astonishing career. Brought up as a boy, she was successively "footboy" to a French lady; served on a man-of-war; as an infantryman; as a trooper; and finally turned pirate. This career she pursued for a long time without disclosing her sex, but she was eventually executed.

water-rats—pirates, I mean." Whatever the law might attempt, public opinion was with the adventurers of the sea; and in the Elizabethan age they attained the position (perilous though it was) of national idols. The Spaniards



ONE OF THE MOST FAMOUS PIRATES OF THEM ALL: SIR HENRY MORGAN, WHOSE EXPLOITS WERE REWARDED WITH A KNIGHTHOOD AND THE FAVOUR OF KING CHARLES II.

Henry Morgan's boldness in harassing the Spaniards in the West Indies, even in times of peace, made him a popular hero in England; and when tried for piracy in 1672 he was acquitted. He finished as Deputy Governor of Jamaica and Commander-in-Chief of the Island's forces.

Reproductions by Courtesy of Longmans, Green and Co., Publishers of "The History of Piracy."

* "The History of Piracy." By Philip Gosse, Author of "The Pirates' Who's Who." With Illustrations and Maps. (Longmans, Green and Co.; 15s. net.)

BRITAIN'S SPOKESMAN IN THE WAR DEBTS DISCUSSION WITH AMERICA.

FROM THE ACADEMY PORTRAIT BY THE LATE SIR WILLIAM ORPEN, R.A. COPYRIGHT STRICTLY RESERVED.



CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER IN A GREAT WORLD CRISIS: THE RIGHT HON. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN, P.C., M.P.

Mr. Neville Chamberlain has greatly enhanced his reputation by his conduct of the recent negotiations with the United States on the question of War debts, and his general handling of the nation's finance during an economic crisis more serious than any that has previously confronted a Chancellor of the Exchequer. In his speech to the House of Commons explaining the British Government's decision to pay the instalment of 95,500,000 dollars (nearly £20,000,000) due to the United States on December 15, he gave an able and lucid review of the whole history of War debts and reparations, emphasising

the fact that, in the interests of the world at large, and of America no less than of Europe, Britain still stands for the policy expressed, long ago, in the Balfour Note, "which said that the British Government was in favour of writing off, through one great transaction, the whole body of inter-Allied indebtedness." After alluding to the effect of the recent payment on the next Budget, Mr. Chamberlain concluded: "We are all earnestly desirous of making a final and a satisfactory settlement with the United States, feeling that that would have the result of benefiting not only our two countries but the whole world."

AMERICA'S HOME AND FOREIGN PROBLEMS: UNEMPLOYED "MARCHERS"; THE OPENING OF CONGRESS.



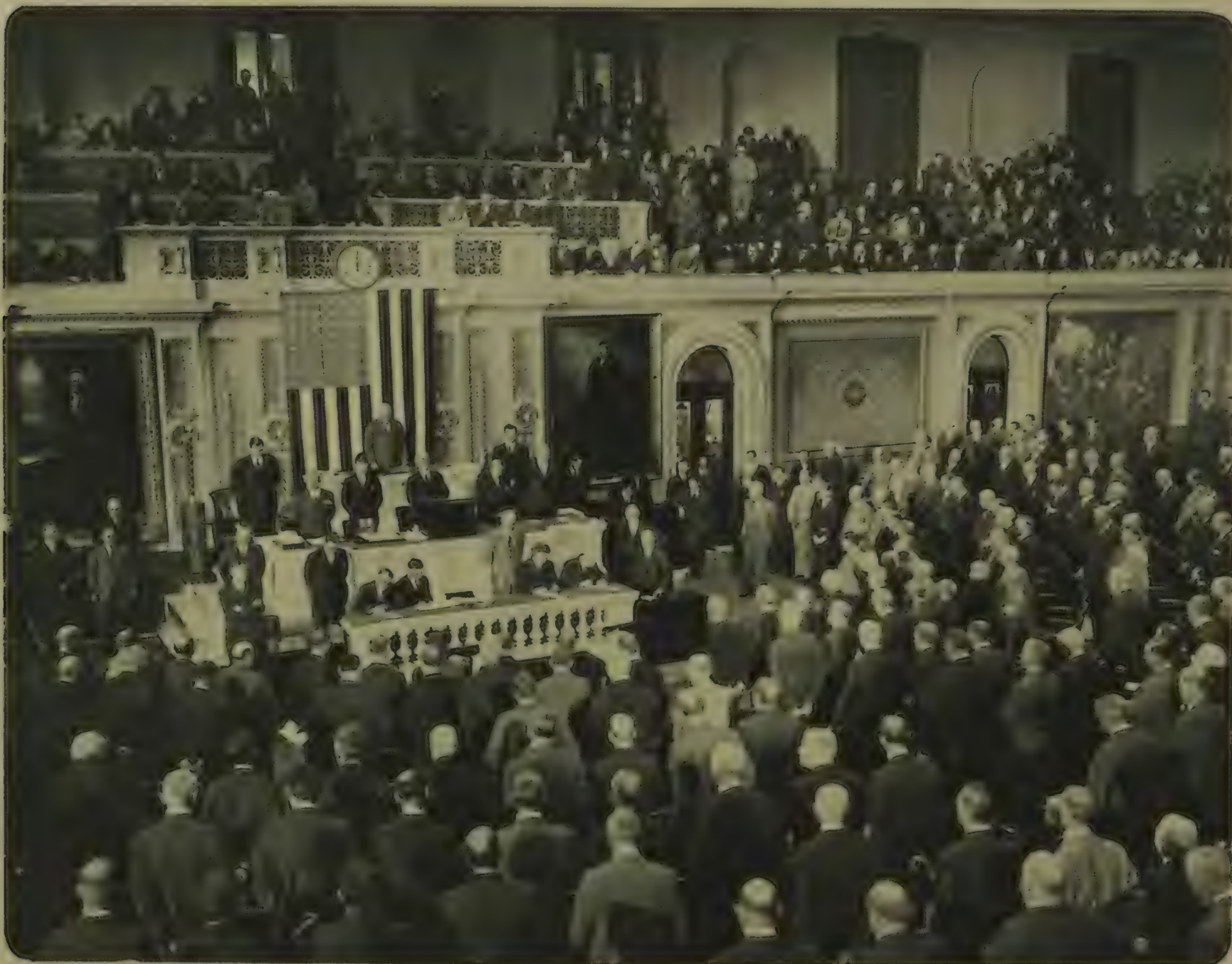
"HUNGER-MARCHERS" AT WASHINGTON: AN AIR VIEW OF THEIR "CAMP"—
A LINE OF LORRIES—WITH POLICE CARS ON A HILL TO THE RIGHT.

The first contingent of about 1000 "hunger-marchers" reached Washington on December 4, and were escorted by police to a roped-off section of road. Strong forces of police and troops were held ready to prevent threatened disorder, and guards were posted at the Capitol, the White House, and the Treasury. On December 6 about 3000 demonstrators marched to the Capitol, under police control, and delegations were admitted to the Vice-President and Speaker of the House of Representatives. Their demands were referred to committees of Congress.



COMMUNIST DEMONSTRATIONS HELD IN NEW YORK TO DEMAND WINTER RELIEF
FOR UNEMPLOYED: A MASS MEETING LISTENING TO A SPEECH IN UNION SQUARE.

It was reported from New York that, on December 6, about 5000 unemployed men and women, organised into a procession by a Communist association, marched round the City Hall Park, carrying placards. They demanded three tons of coal for every family in need, shelter for all homeless men and women, repeal of the eviction laws, and support of the municipal authorities for a demand on Congress for Federal unemployment insurance and a payment of fifty dollars in cash for each destitute person.



THE BODY TO WHICH "IS RESERVED THE ULTIMATE DECISION," IN THE UNITED STATES, REGARDING WAR DEBTS: THE OPENING (ON DECEMBER 5) OF THE LAST SESSION OF THE PRESENT CONGRESS IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES AT WASHINGTON, WITH THE SPEAKER (MR. JOHN GARNER) IN THE CHAIR AND THE CHAPLAIN OFFERING PRAYERS.

Replying to one of the recent British Notes on the question of war debts, the United States Secretary of State, Mr. Stimson, said: "There is reserved to the Congress of the United States the ultimate decision in respect of the funding, refunding, or amendment of these inter-Governmental obligations under consideration. The Executive has no power to amend or alter them either directly or by implied commitment." After the final session of the present Congress

had been opened, a "Times" report of subsequent proceedings quoted (on December 7) the first speech on foreign debt payments. "In due time (said the speaker), following the change of Administration and the change in *personnel* of Congress, and if the next President and his advisers consider that in the interests of the comity of nations a change would be justified, it will then be ample time for the countries concerned to approach the question."

THE AMAZING MRS. MOLLISON: TWO LONE FLIGHT RECORDS BROKEN.



MRS. J. A. MOLLISON (MISS AMY JOHNSON) AT THE END OF HER RECORD-BREAKING FLIGHT FROM CAPE TOWN TO ENGLAND: ABOUT TO LAND AT CROYDON ON DEC. 18.



THE AIRWOMAN ON HER ARRIVAL AT CROYDON: MRS. MOLLISON DESCRIBING HER FLIGHT TO HER HUSBAND, WHOSE OUTWARD FLIGHT RECORD SHE BEAT.



MRS. MOLLISON WAVING HER HAND IN ANSWER TO THE CROWDS' GREETING AS SHE ARRIVED AT GROSVENOR HOUSE AFTER HER LONE FLIGHT FROM CAPE TOWN TO ENGLAND, WHICH SHE ACCOMPLISHED IN 7 DAYS, 7 HOURS, 5 MINUTES, BEATING THE RECORD OF THE DUCHESS OF BEDFORD AND CAPTAIN C. D. BARNARD.

Mrs. J. A. Mollison (Miss Amy Johnson) landed at Croydon at noon on Sunday, December 18, at the conclusion of her very perilous and adventurous lone flight from Cape Town to England. She broke the record for the journey of 6200 miles, having covered the distance in 7 days, 7 hours, 5 minutes, as compared with the time taken by the Duchess of Bedford and Captain C. D. Barnard in April 1930—ten days. Her flight from England to Cape Town, it will be remembered, ended on Friday, November 18, when she beat by 10 hours 28 minutes the record her husband set up in March of this year, accomplishing her task in 4 days,

6 hours, 53 minutes. She flew the same machine both ways—the "Desert Cloud," a Puss Moth cabin aeroplane fitted with a 130-h.p. Gipsy Major engine, and with special petrol-tanks giving a range in still air of 2000 miles. She was met on her arrival at Croydon by Mr. F. G. L. Bertram, Deputy-Director of Civil Aviation, who had been charged by the King to convey to her his Majesty's warmest congratulations. She was also greeted there by her husband and her father and mother. Cheering crowds lined the roads as she drove from the aerodrome, and she had a great popular reception at Grosvenor House.

"MAD HATTER" ENACTMENTS CAUSING REVOLT AGAINST "D.O.R.A": PETTY TYRANNIES OF "A MISERABLE OLD HARRIDAN."

Drawn by our Social Artist, BRYAN DE GRINEAU.



YOU CANNOT BUY TOBACCO OR CIGARETTES AFTER 8 PM. INSIDE A SHOP—ALTHOUGH OPEN—BUT YOU CAN OBTAIN CERTAIN BRANDS OF CIGARETTES FROM AUTOMATIC MACHINES OUTSIDE. IT MAY OR MAY NOT BE WITHIN THE LAW TO EXCHANGE A PACKET THIS OBTAINED FOR A DIFFERENT BRAND.



ON THE EARLY CLOSING DAY OF THE LOCALITY, A 3'S O'S STORE MAY SELL FACE-POWDER, BUT NOT SHAMPOO POWDER, TOOTH-BRUSHES, BUT NOT SHAVING-BRUSHES, SOCKS, BUT NOT DARNING-WOOL, PICTURE-POST CARDS, BUT NOT PICTURE-FRAMES.



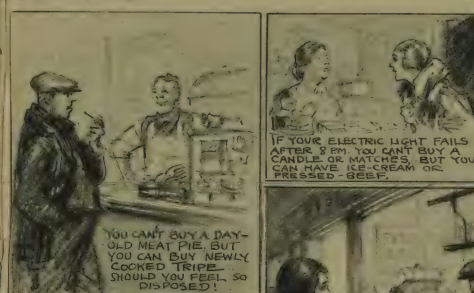
CERTAIN LONDON CAFE-RESTAURANTS REMAIN OPEN ALL NIGHT, BUT THEIR FLOWER, FRUIT AND FOOD COUNTERS MUST CLOSE AT 8 PM. THESE, HOWEVER, MAY RE-OPEN PROMPTLY AT MIDNIGHT AND REMAIN OPEN UNTIL 8 P.M. ON THE FOLLOWING DAY!



THE LAW FORBIDS YOU TO BUY AN EVENING NEWSPAPER IN A SHOP AFTER 8 PM, ALTHOUGH IT IS OPEN FOR THE SALE OF SWEETS AND MINERAL WATERS, BUT YOU ARE ALLOWED TO BUY ONE FROM A BOY STANDING OUTSIDE THE SHOP-DOOR!



AFTER 8 PM YOU MAY NOT BUY APPLES OR BANANAS, BUT YOU MAY PURCHASE PEACHES, APRICOTS, FIGS AND LOGANBERRIES UP TO ANY HOUR.



YOU CANNOT BUY A DAY-OLD MEAT PIE, BUT YOU CAN BUY NEWLY COOKED TRIPE, SHOULD YOU FEEL SO DISPOSED!



YOU CAN BUY HARD-BOILED EGGS FOR YOUR SUPPER, BUT YOU CANT, AT THE SAME TIME, BUY NEW-LAID EGGS TO TAKE HOME FOR BREAKFAST.



IF YOUR ELECTRIC LIGHT FAILS AFTER 8 PM, YOU CANT BUY A CANDLE OR WATCHES, BUT YOU CAN HAVE KE-CREAM OR PRESSED-BEEF.



YOU CANT BUY SHAVING OR ANY ORDINARY TOILET SOAP AFTER 8 PM, BUT YOU CAN BUY CERTAIN MEDICATED BRANDS. YOU CANT BUY RAZOR-BLADES, BUT YOU CAN BUY A RAZOR FOR CUTTING CORNS.



YOU CANNOT BUY A KIPPER OR ANY FRESH FISH AFTER 8 PM, BUT YOU CAN BUY AS MUCH FRIED FISH AS YOU LIKE FROM THE SAME SHOP.



YOU CANT BUY CURRANT BUNS AFTER 8 PM, BUT YOU CAN BE SUPPLIED WITH SODGE-CAKES UNTIL 9.30 PM.



ALTHOUGH YOU MAY BUY A HALF-BOTTLE OF WINE, YOU MAY NOT BUY A HALF-BOTTLE OF BRANDY OR ANY OTHER SPIRIT (EITHER FOR MEDICINAL OR ORDINARY CONSUMPTION) FROM A WINE & SPIRIT OR GROCER'S STORES, BUT MUST GO TO A PUBLIC-HOUSE FOR IT DURING LICENSED HOURS. BUT YOU MAY BUY A WHOLE BOTTLE AND A HALF AT THE STORES, ALTHOUGH THEY MUST BE OF THE SAME BRAND OF SPIRIT— I.E. A BOTTLE AND A HALF OF BRANDY, NOT A BOTTLE OF GIN OR WHISKY AND A HALF BOTTLE OF BRANDY!

"PETTICOAT" LEGISLATION DENOUNCED BY THE ANTI-D.O.R.A. CAMPAIGN: TYPICAL

We illustrate here flagrant absurdities and inconsistencies in the shopping restrictions commonly known by the generic name of D.O.R.A., the initials of the Defence of the Realm Act, which, though officially defunct, survives in spirit through kindred enactments. As Mr. T. Linton Thorp, M.P., said the other day: "D.O.R.A. is dead, but, like mental defectives, she left

behind a considerable progeny." Many attacks have recently been made upon her. Lord Eustace Percy, addressing the Institute of Public Administration, with Sir Austen Chamberlain in the chair, suggested a simple "early closing" Act replacing "the whole structure" of restrictions. He deprecated "inglorious tyranny." Lord Moynihan presided over a

EXAMPLES OF ABSURD AND INCONSISTENT

great protest meeting in the Albert Hall, organised by Captain Percy Davis, Mayor of Deal, who was present with nine other mayors and several M.P.s. Lord Moynihan recalled that the "miserable old harridan" was brought into being in 1915. The Captain Percy Davis Anti-Dora Campaign, Ltd., has offices at 13, Queen Street, Cheapside. There is also in the field a rival

RESTRICTIONS ON PERSONAL LIBERTY.

D.O.R.A.—"Defence of Rights and Amusements"—at whose inaugural dinner, in June, Lady Oxford and Asquith was hostess and Sir William Arbuthnot Lane chairman. The East Ham magistrate, Mr. Wyatt Paine, dealing recently with a charge of selling butter after hours, remarked that the vagaries of the Shops (Closing) Act would puzzle even the Mad Hatter.

THE CAMERA AS RECORDER: RECENT EVENTS IN PICTURES.



THE TREASURE OF THE WEEK AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM: A RELIEF OF THE VIRGIN AND CHILD BY AGOSTINO DI Duccio. (22½ BY 19½ IN.)

Agostino di Duccio was born in 1418 at Florence (died c. 1481), where he appears to have come under the influence of Donatello; but the two great works for which he is best known are the decoration of the interior of the Tempio Malatestiano at Rimini, and the lovely façade of the little church of San Bernardino at Perugia. Apart from architectural work, Agostino's sculpture is exceedingly rare, and very few of his carvings have found their way outside Italy.—(Reproduced by Courtesy of the Victoria and Albert Museum. Crown Copyright Reserved.)



"PILLARS OF FLAME," OR MINIATURE LIGHT-HOUSES, ON THE THAMES EMBANKMENT: A NEW FORM OF TRAFFIC LIGHT.

Two miniature lighthouses have been installed by the L.C.C. on the Thames Embankment at Charing Cross. They are designed to solve the problem of directing traffic by night. Each consists of an enamel-painted pillar, 4 ft. 6 in. high, with colours that range from yellow at the base to crimson at the top. The lighthouses are placed one at each end of a road island, and they flood-light the road surface.



A FINE RESCUE IN THE ATLANTIC: PASSENGERS ON THE DECK OF THE "DE GRASSE" WATCHING A BOAT PUT OUT TO A DISABLED SCHOONER.

The correspondent who sends us the photograph reproduced here writes: "After being adrift and fighting heavy seas for a week, four survivors of the crew of a schooner were saved from death in a dramatic sea rescue off Cape Sable, Halifax. The liner 'De Grasse' sighted distress signals at night, and, after finding that the schooner would float until morning, stood by. At dawn a lifeboat was launched to the schooner and the four survivors were brought back."



A NEW BRITISH CRUISER WHICH WILL SHORTLY COMMISSION FOR SERVICE: H.M.S. "LEANDER"; SHOWING HER DISTINCTIVE FUNNEL AND AEROPLANE CATAPULT.

The new British cruiser, "Leander," was commissioned for trials on November 25. She was built at Devonport under the 1929 programme. (No cruisers had been built since the "Exeter" in the 1927 programme; the orders for the "Surrey" and the "Northumberland" being cancelled.) It was announced that she was due to return to Devonport on December 18. The "Leander" displaces some 7000 tons and has a main armament of eight six-inch guns. Her speed is given as 32.5 knots.



THE 188-YARD TUNNEL THROUGH PENMAENBACH MOUNTAIN OPENED: THE UNVEILING OF THE COUNTY CREST OVER THE ENTRANCE.

The tunnel through Penmaenbach headland (between Conway and Penmaenmawr), which has taken two years to complete, was opened on December 17 by Sir Richard Williams, Chairman of the Carnarvonshire County Council. The Union Jack and Welsh Dragon flags draped the county crest carved on the façade, and were drawn back simultaneously as a salute was fired, and about fifty electric lights illuminating the interior were switched on. Sir Richard Williams, preceded by a band, then walked through the tunnel and was followed by motorists and pedestrians.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD: HAPPENINGS AT HOME AND ABROAD.



A RESCUE IN THE OPEN PACIFIC: A SINKING FISHING-BOAT—THE CREW CROWDED INTO THE BOWS—PHOTOGRAPHED FROM THE RESCUING STEAMER.

We illustrate here another dramatic rescue at sea: this time in the Pacific. The fishing-vessel seen in the photograph had been blown 380 miles off Cape Inuboesaki (on the eastern coast of Japan) out into the open Pacific. Few fishermen can have been in so desperate a situation and lived to tell the tale. The crew were clustered at the highest point of the vessel remaining above water when the "Buenos Aires Maru" arrived on the spot and rescued them.



A "CLUTCH" OF PYTHON'S EGGS AT THE "ZOO": A KEEPER HANDLING SOME OF THOSE LAID ABOUT A MONTH AGO; SEEN IN AN INCUBATOR.

Forty-one eggs were laid about a month ago by the giant python at the "Zoo." The snake refused to cover them and most of the "clutch" shrivelled up. A few, however, were set aside in an incubator which is worked by electricity. They are being sprayed with water every twelve hours to keep them damp, and considerable hopes are entertained that these eggs may hatch out into young pythons. If so, this will constitute yet another striking success for the methods adopted by the Zoological Gardens.



THE CENTENARY OF THE BIRTH OF EIFFEL: A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE ENGINEER AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-SIX; MAKING EXPERIMENTS WITH AN AERODYNAMIC BALANCE.

The centenary of the birth of Gustave Eiffel was commemorated on December 15 by a simple ceremony at the foot of the famous tower which bears his name; attended by members of his family, and friends and admirers. Besides the tower, Eiffel had numerous other great works of engineering to his credit. He built the famous Garabit Viaduct (Cantal) in 1882, the big bridge over the Douro at Oporto in 1876, and, above all, the framework for Bartholdi's colossal statue of Liberty



THE DEDICATION OF THE RESTORED LANTERN IN THE BOSTON "STUMP" BROADCAST TO AMERICA: A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE "STUMP."

On December 17 the lantern in the huge tower of the church of St. Botolph, Boston, Lincolns., was lit, and the fourteen bells re-cast from the old peal were dedicated. This (as noted in our issue of July 11, 1931, when we reproduced numerous photographs of St. Botolph's and the famous "stump") was the culmination of more than three years of restoration work at a cost of £30,000. Of this sum £10,000 was subscribed by citizens of Boston, U.S.A. The dedication ceremony at St. Botolph's was broadcast and relayed to America.



THE CENTENARY OF GUSTAVE EIFFEL CELEBRATED IN PARIS: THE CEREMONY BEFORE HIS BUST AT THE FOOT OF THE EIFFEL TOWER.

in New York Harbour. He also invented a type of movable section bridge first used in 1885. He was one of the first engineers to utilise air-caissons. He built the Eiffel Tower in 1889. The tower is "almost a mountain," being 984 ft. high. Its total cost was £260,000, of which the State contributed £60,000. But the entrance fees for the first year more than covered the cost. France has long used the Tower as one of her radio transmitting stations.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

**MRS. MARY AGNES HAMILTON.**

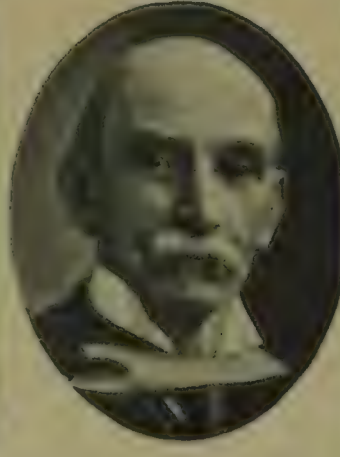
Appointed to the Board of Governors of the B.B.C. Sat in the last Parliament as Labour Member for Blackburn. Has written several novels and biographical sketches, including one of the Prime Minister.

**MR. R. C. NORMAN.**

Appointed a Governor and Vice-Chairman of the B.B.C. Was a member of the L.C.C., 1907-22; and its Chairman in 1918-19. Is now Vice-Chairman of the National Council of Social Service.

**VISCOUNT BRIDGEMAN.**

Appointed to the Board of Governors of the B.B.C. Was Home Secretary 1922-24; First Lord of the Admiralty, 1924-29. Was Chairman of the Committee set up by the Postmaster-General to inquire into Post Office reform.

**PROFESSOR JOHN GLAISTER.**

Emeritus Professor of Forensic Medicine in the University of Glasgow. Died December 18, aged seventy-six, on the same day as his wife. Famous as an expert witness in Scottish law courts.

**MRS. GLAISTER.**

Died December 18, aged seventy-six, a few hours after the death of her husband, Professor Glaister. Both had been taken ill a few days previously with influenza. Never learnt of her husband's death.

**THE NEW FRENCH PREMIER AND FOREIGN MINISTER: M. PAUL-BONCOUR.**

Following the resignation of M. Herriot's Government, after the defeat on the War Debts question, M. Paul-Boncour, Minister of War in the last Cabinet, was invited by M. Lebrun to form a new Ministry, and succeeded in doing so on December 18. He is to be Minister for Foreign Affairs as well as Prime Minister.



WINNER OF SEVERAL WORLD'S RECORDS IN THIS M.G. "MIDGET" CAR, THE DRIVER'S SEAT OF WHICH IS ENCLOSED: MR. G. E. T. EYSTON AT MONTLHERY. On December 13, Mr. G. E. T. Eyston, the well-known racing driver, exceeded two miles a minute and set up the following international records in Class "H" (up to 750 c.c.) on the Montlhéry track—one kilometre, 120.56 m.p.h.; one mile, 120.56 m.p.h.; five kilometres, 120.52 m.p.h.; five miles, 116.71 m.p.h.; and ten kilometres, 117.42 m.p.h. He was driving an M.G. "Midget" with an enclosed seat, and he wore an asbestos suit.

**CHAIRMAN OF THE ANGLO-PERSIAN OIL COMPANY: SIR JOHN CADMAN.**

Sir John Cadman, who was in Los Angeles when he received the first intimation of the Persian Government's cancellation of the D'Arcy Concession, arrived in England on December 13. His hurried return was of great interest in view of recent developments in the Anglo-Persian dispute.

**APPOINTED DIRECTOR OF THE BRITISH SCHOOL AT ROME: MR. COLIN HARDIE.**

Mr. Colin Hardie, Fellow and Tutor of Balliol College, Oxford, has been appointed to succeed Mr. Arthur Hamilton Smith as Director of the British School at Rome. While up at Oxford, Mr. Hardie, besides taking a first in "Greats," won the Ireland, Craven and Hertford Scholarships and a Junior Research Fellowship.

**THE SISTER OF THE RULER OF MANCHUKUO IN ENGLAND: MR. AND MRS. CHENG.**

Mrs. Cheng, who is said to be the first Chinese princess to visit this country, arrived in England with her husband on December 14. She is the sister of the ex-Emperor of China, who is now head of Manchukuo. Mr. and Mrs. Cheng have come for purposes of study and sight-seeing, and are to be the guests of Sir Reginald Johnston, formerly tutor to the ex-Emperor. The young couple, who are both under twenty-one years of age, are able to speak English.

**ELECTED SWISS PRESIDENT: FEDERAL COUNCILLOR EDMOND SCHULTHESS.**

At a joint meeting of the two Swiss Chambers on December 15, Federal Councillor Edmond Schulthess was elected President of the Confederation. He has been a member of the Government since 1912 and President four times. At the end of the meeting the Government was urged to put an end to Communist propaganda.

TOYNBEE HALL DECORATED BY ZIEGLER: THE ARTS AND SCIENCES FRIEZE.



ZIEGLER'S MODERN "ALLEGORIES" IN TOYNBEE HALL: THE RIGHT-HAND END OF THE SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH FRIEZE; SHOWING THE SKELETON OF A MAMMOTH (FOR ZOOLOGY), AND BIOLOGY, ETHNOLOGY, AND EXPLORATION.



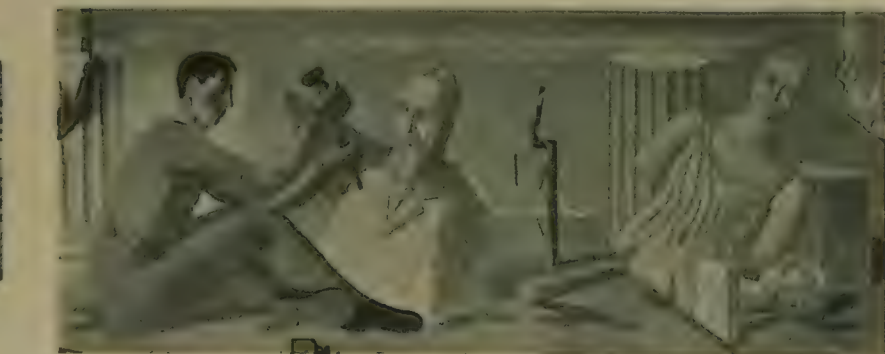
THE LEFT-HAND PART OF THE SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH FRIEZE, THE REMAINDER OF WHICH IS REPRODUCED IN THE FIRST PHOTOGRAPH: MODERN TRANSPORT BY LAND, SEA AND AIR; AND ASTRONOMY.



ZIEGLER'S REPRESENTATION OF FOLK-DANCING AND MORRIS-DANCING ON THE FRIEZE AT TOYNBEE HALL: FIGURES FOR WHICH THE ARTIST STUDIED PHOTOGRAPHS LENT BY THE ENGLISH FOLK SONG AND DANCE SOCIETY.



PAINTING SYMBOLISED IN AN UNCONVENTIONAL MANNER: A PANEL WHICH SHOWS HOW THE SPACE TO BE DECORATED FORCED THE ARTIST TO DEPICT THE MAJORITY OF HIS FIGURES SEATED OR RECUMBENT ON THE GROUND.



SCULPTURE: A YOUNG SCULPTOR HEWING OUT A BUST OF MR. BERNARD SHAW—FASHIONED AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH LENT TO THE ARTIST BY "G. B. S." HIMSELF.



LITERATURE: FIGURES AGAINST A BACKGROUND WHICH SUGGESTS STRATFORD-ON-AVON; WITH THE SHAKESPEARE MEMORIAL THEATRE, FOR THE PAINTING OF WHICH THE ARCHITECT, ELIZABETH SCOTT, LENT THE ARTIST ELEVATIONS.



DRAMA: REPRESENTATIONS THAT INCLUDE A PAINTING OF A POLLOCK TOY-THEATRE MODEL, TO SUGGEST THE HISTORICAL ASPECT.



MUSIC: AN IDYLIC COMPOSITION, IN WHICH THE HORIZONTAL CONNECTION IS MAINTAINED BY FORMALISED CLOUDS, AND THE UP AND DOWN RHYTHM BY THE SEATED AND RECUMBENT FIGURES.



THE INTERIOR OF TOYNBEE HALL—SHOWING SOME OF ZIEGLER'S WALL-PAINTINGS; ON THE RIGHT, MUSIC, PAINTING, AND SCULPTURE; OVER THE FIREPLACE, FIGURES SUGGESTIVE OF CAMPING AND OPEN-AIR LIFE.

The lecture hall at Toynbee Hall, which now boasts these remarkable decorations, measures some 40 ft. by 28 ft., and is panelled up to the height of 10 ft. Mr. Archibald Ziegler's paintings take the form of a frieze, 4 ft. deep, running the whole way round—or about 100 ft. in all. The north wall, above the panelling, is divided into four bays by paired capitals of pilasters, and the south and west walls are broken by windows, the only clear run for the painter being on the east wall. The general subject of the panels is the Arts and Sciences. On the north wall are Music, Painting, Sculpture, and Literature; the Sciences, including Locomotion, Astronomy, Zoology—represented by the skeleton of a mammoth—and "Native" Industries occupy the whole of the east; Drama and Folk-Dancing are fitted in between the windows on the south. The series closes with a narrow panel, between windows, of a youth and a maiden seated. We quote the following description from the "Times": "The scale of the figures is about 6 ft., so that most of them have to be shown sitting on the ground, the up and down movement of their adjustment providing the rhythm that runs through the series. The background is continuous, though it alternates between landscape and sea, with a glimpse of

indoors in the drama subject. In the treatment of his figures Mr. Ziegler has adopted exactly the right degree of simplification, and, though he has taken as full advantage of depth as the mural convention allows, he has not made holes in the wall. The colour is very well distributed, from the point of view of balance, the reds being picked up at the right intervals against the prevailing greens and blues and sand-colour of the background. Stylised clouds provide a horizontal connection. The 'Literature' setting is a free translation of the Stratford-upon-Avon landscape, with the new theatre; and in the other panels there is a general feeling of Sussex." The artist, Mr. Ziegler, has had an adventurous career, although he is only twenty-nine. He was left an orphan at fourteen, and became an engineer's errand-boy, studying art in his spare time, and finally entering the Royal College with the help of his friends. Then, finding himself penniless, he went to sea as a galley-boy on board a cargo-steamer going to the Arctic and the Kara Sea. In twelve months he had risen to become an assistant steward, and saved enough money to pay for further art studies. Then he won a scholarship, which took him back to the Royal College of Art for three years.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

AS Christmas approaches, I have been considering what to do should I receive a really munificent book-token—say from some grateful millionaire whose works I have unwittingly boosted (if millionaires ever write books). So far the token has not materialised, but I live in hope. My list is not yet complete, but I should probably begin with a large selection from the Loeb Classical Library, and go on to the Cambridge Ancient History (with perhaps the Mediæval and Modern thrown in) and the Cambridge History of English Literature. It will be perceived that my tastes run rather to antiquity, but I cannot emulate him who boasted that, whenever a new book came out, he straightway read an old one. With me "the case is altered," for whenever a new book comes out I have to tackle it, whether I want to or not. Hence, by a natural reaction, I turn to the past in my unofficial moments, and especially to the classical past wherein I roamed of yore under the wing of Alma Mater. Failing a token to cover the complete work, I could be content, for the present, with a reprint of the chapters on Greek art in the Cambridge Ancient History, which are now issued in a separate volume entitled "GREEK SCULPTURE AND PAINTING." To the End of the Hellenistic Period. By J. D. Beazley, Lincoln Professor of Classical Archaeology at Oxford, and Bernard Ashmole, Yates Professor of Archaeology in the University of London. With 248 Illustrations (Cambridge University Press; 10s. 6d.).

Is it too fanciful to draw a comparison between the mediæval celebration of Christmas, in honour of the Virgin Mother and her Child, and the Panathenaic festival in honour of another divine Virgin, as represented in the sculptures of the Parthenon? "The Temple," we read, "was Athena's, and the adornment was all concerned with Athena, Athens, and the mission of Athens. . . . In the east (pediment) the birth of the Virgin goddess on Olympus. . . . The subject of the frieze is the people of Athens; not fighting or working, but engaged in that kind of festivity—surviving in the English 'holiday,' but eradicated from English life—which is at once a high religious ceremony and a delight to the participant." We sometimes forget that holidays were originally "holy days." Another parallel between Greek religious sculpture and pictures of the Madonna is drawn by the authors themselves in a passage about reliefs on Attic tombstones of the fourth century B.C. Describing one example, they write: "The two quiet figures of the earlier tombstones, the seated and the standing woman, have become all gesture, action, and emotion: so that the meeting of older woman and younger, mother and daughter, takes one's mind to the great Visitations of Christian art."

As a compact account of Greek art, this book is at once authoritative and highly enjoyable, being written in an easy and allusive style interesting to the general reader as well as the student. The illustrations are excellent and abundant, but in their arrangement some sacrifice has been made to compression. It is a pity they could not have been distributed about the text, facing relevant passages, and all placed vertically to the page, instead of being packed together at the end, with numbered references. I could wish also that, in titling their pictures, the authors had taken a leaf out of illustrated journalism, and given first, as a heading, the subject of the work, with particulars of its origin and date below. It is not exciting to read, under the head of the "Aphrodite" from Melos (in the Louvre), merely: "Fig. 195. See Fig. 191." Some concession to the vulgar herd might likewise have been made by mentioning the popular misconception due to the statue's French name, "Venus de Milo." Similarly, Londoners might have liked a little more light on the group familiarly known as "The Elgin Marbles." The note under the photographs is very "figgy" and a little confusing. My recollection is that Figs. 101 and 105 are among those in the British Museum, but that deserving

institution is not mentioned in connection with them. In the preface, however, we are exhorted to study originals there, as well as in the Ashmolean at Oxford and in what Cambridge undergraduates know as the "FitzBilly." An index would have increased the utility of the volume as a work of reference.

An object lesson in the gentle art of popularisation, for younger students and general readers, is afforded by a new addition to a well-known series—"EVERYDAY THINGS IN CLASSICAL GREECE." By Marjorie and C. H. B. Quennell. With Coloured Frontispiece and eighty-three other Drawings by the Authors; Map, Historical Chart, Bibliography, and Index (Batsford; 8s.). This volume forms the sequel to two others dealing respectively with everyday things in archaic and Homeric Greece. The present one covers the golden age of Greek life, art, and culture. As always, the authors concentrate amusingly on all those "human" things which the average school history in my time carefully omitted. Here we are duly told how Lord Elgin acquired

with teaching Bible history to people who could not read than presenting the drama of everyday life.

Personages and conceptions both from the New and the Old Testament have inspired to startling effect the most discussed of modern sculptors, whose work is accorded laudatory appreciation in "JACOB EPSTEIN." By L. B. Powell. With forty Illustrations (Chapman and Hall; 7s. 6d.). The sculptor's chief Biblical subjects comprise the bronze "Christ" of 1919, the "Visitation" (bronze, 1926), "Madonna and Child" (bronze, 1927), and the "Genesis" (marble, 1931). All these works, especially the "Genesis" and the "Christ," have aroused great controversy, not unmixed in many quarters with repulsion. It is impossible to deny them intense power and originality, but admiration of the sculptor's dynamic force may co-exist, I think, with antipathy towards the quality of his vision and the nature of his imaginative invention. The same remark applies to his secular work, as in "Rima," "Day," and "Night." In these he has introduced a

new note into our public sculpture which, however forceful, remains alien to the English spirit. There is a marked distinction between Epstein's works of imagination and his portraiture. The latter received the approval of good judges, cogently expressed in pounds and guineas, at a recent sale, which was illustrated in these pages. His masterly portraits seem to extract the very quintessence of a personality—witness, for example, those of the present Prime Minister and of Mr. Cunningham-Graham. In attaining this end, they might be said to reach a sublimated form of "representation."

Mr. Powell, I think, extols too much, and thereby weakens his case. His book is one long stream of eulogy, which becomes slightly monotonous. Thus, of the "Madonna and Child" he says: "A cathedral would seem the fittest home for this magnificent work—that, or some place, other than a museum, much frequented by people. . . . Some day, one can only hope, it will add dignity to such a place. For the present, it stands in the sculptor's studio, shrouded in a dust-sheet. . . . Sometimes Epstein removes its covering, and it stands forth eloquently . . . surrounded by the portraits which fill the

place so strangely and magnificently, like some solitary pageant of human values, caught, and made still, with a serene air of eternity about them."

For the person of average culture, disposed to take an intelligent interest in art, but somewhat bemused by the vagaries of its modern exponents, no better mentor could be found than a little book called "ART AND COMMONSENSE." By S. C. Kaines Smith, Keeper of Birmingham City Art Gallery. Illustrated in Colour and Monochrome (Medici Society; 6s.). The author discusses Epstein and other advanced sculptors in a sympathetic but discriminating manner, more convincing than undiluted adulation. As to general principles to be observed in appreciating any work of art, he says: "We must endeavour to discover those characteristics in it that are its author's own, and from those characteristics to understand his point of view. . . . Whether we like his spiritual or emotional aim or not, he has the right to decide what that aim shall be. Only so can we be just, and only so can we judge of the degree of his achievement; and then, when we have said at last, 'Yes, this work is one that can never lose its power because it is the sincere and forcible expression of the reaction of a man who matters to things that matter,' we can go away and hate it as much as we like." Stevenson's doctrine that it is the duty of artists to please wins no credence nowadays. The current notion is that they should please themselves and let the public go hang. Mention of R. L. S., by the way, suggests that it would not do us any harm at this season to renew acquaintance with his "Christmas Sermon." C. E. B.



A ROMAN KILN DISCOVERED NEAR ROCHESTER: MR. LAWTON (LEFT) AND MR. F. MUGERIDGE, THE OWNER OF THE LAND, STANDING BY THE KILN, WITH THE POTTERY FOUND THERE.

An unusually fine Roman kiln has been discovered at Cooling, near Rochester, containing four skeletons and some very good specimens of Samian ware of the period 90 to 120 A.D. Close at hand is the site of a Roman villa.

his "marbles," which were bought for the nation in 1816. "From time to time," it is added, "there are references in the Press which would almost lead one to believe that we had stolen the sculptures, whereas, but for the sound judgment of an Englishman, there would not be any sculptures at all now."

The analogy drawn above between Christmas and the festivals at the Parthenon is rather strengthened by some details of its subsequent history. "The building," it is recalled, "was a Temple of Athene the Virgin, from the time it was built till A.D. 450, and then it became a Christian church, dedicated to the Virgin Mary, and so remained until A.D. 1458, when Athens was captured by the Turks, who turned the Parthenon into a mosque." There are some seasonable allusions also in connection with the stage. Contrasting the huge scale of the "auditorium" in a Greek open-air theatre, necessitating the use of masks, buskins, and other conventions, with the comparatively small dimensions of our modern covered theatres, the authors write: "Even indoors the spectacle should bear some relation to the size of the theatre. At Olympia in London, the Circus at Christmas tries to shut out the bulk of the building by curtains." At Athens, in the days of Aristophanes, a modern pantomime might have fallen rather flat. Incidentally, the authors go on to say: "The Roman theatre was on the same general lines as the Greek one, but when the peoples of Western Europe became Christians, the play suffered neglect because of its pagan associations." The mystery, or miracle, plays of the Middle Ages, it is pointed out, were more concerned

"GOOD CHEER" IN MANCHUKUO: BEARS' PAWS; BAMBOO-SHOOTS; BUZZARD.



HORNY-SOLED, BUT DESCRIBED BY PETRONIUS AS A ROMAN DINNER DELICACY: A NUMBER OF BEARS' PAWS PURCHASED BY HERR STÖTZNER, THE GERMAN TRAVELLER, IN MANCHUKUO, WHERE THEY ARE HIGHLY PRIZED.



A BUZZARD THAT WILL FEED A FAMILY—AND HAS TO BE SKINNED: THE MANCHURIAN EQUIVALENT OF CHRISTMAS TURKEY.



A MANCHURIAN EQUIVALENT OF ASPARAGUS, TO WHICH THEY APPROXIMATE IN TASTE: A YOUNG KOREAN CARRYING A PRECIOUS BUNDLE OF JUICY YOUNG BAMBOO-SHOOTS TO THE KITCHEN, WHERE THEY WILL BE PEELED AND SLICED.

Continued.

preparation of them, he has a tried recipe to offer. "They must first be cooked for hours on end, and then left to roast over a gentle charcoal fire." With regard to game, the Manchurian markets seem to be very well stocked. After the surprisingly big wild swans, notes Herr Stötzner, which are on sale all through the year in the provision markets at Harbin, the largest type of "game" are the old buzzard cocks, very plentiful and attaining almost gigantic proportions. It is said that a numerous family can feed to repletion on a single one of these birds for three days on end! But the flesh is somewhat tough and quite brown in appearance. The bird has to be skinned before being roasted, for its feathers grow on a thick hide. For vegetables, Herr Stötzner was recommended young bamboo-shoots. These should be peeled and cut into slices before cooking; and, after all, their taste, he found, was not unlike asparagus—though their texture was somewhat tougher. Turning then to the "seafood" (as the

[Continued below on right.]



HERR STÖTZNER WITH A "KING CRAB" WHICH HE BOUGHT FOR HIS LUNCH: A MONSTER WHICH LOOKS FITTER FOR THE AQUARIUM THAN THE COOKING-POT, BUT, NONE THE LESS, PROVIDES VERY TASTY FLESH, PARTICULARLY IN ITS LONG LEGS.

Continued.

Americans call it), Herr Stötzner came upon a remarkable crab, "Abenteuerlich!" he exclaimed, meaning, perhaps, "quixotic!"—an apt epithet for such a hopelessly long-legged, spiny creature! However, the bold traveller decided to buy the crab, for he was assured that the flesh in its long legs was very delicate. It came from the Okhotsk Sea, he notes; the Japanese have given it the name of "King crab"; and that is the name that figures on the label when we meet it, canned, and exported to Europe. The traveller concluded his shopping with the proverbial "bit of fish." That is to say that he only looked it over; for it is difficult to imagine that even the "Swiss Family Robinson" could have found a way of making use of the horrible creature—ray or fishing-frog, whichever it was—that Herr Stötzner photographed while a Japanese was recommending it to another customer. There it lay, a flabby mass, veined a bluish-red, its terrible mouth fringed with sharp teeth. But on the whole (setting aside that fish), you would not lack "good cheer"—of a sort—at this season, even in Manchukuo.



MORE PRIZED THAN TURBOT OR SALMON: A FISH OF MOST UNPLEASANT APPEARANCE AND DOUBTFUL EDIBILITY IN A MANCHURIAN PROVISION MARKET.

AT this festive season Gastronomy comes into its own—Gastronomy, the tenth Muse, "bien digne de prendre place entre la voluptueuse Terpsichore et la poétique Érato." Accordingly, strange foods find their way on to the table; wares from every clime. For the wealthy and ambitious, Bombay duck, sturgeon's eggs, truffes, lichees, pickled peaches, peacocks's tongues, and haggis; for the less fortunate, tripe, winkles, saveloys, and port and lemon. But were we in Manchukuo for Christmas, the festive fare would be even more startling. Bears' paws have a certain reputation as a delicacy; Petronius mentions that they were much sought after for the tables of the Romans; and surely Fenimore Cooper and the "Swiss Family Robinson" (almost a text-book on *recherché* gastronomy) have something to say on the best means of obtaining bears' paws, and the manner of their preparation. Herr Walther Stötzner, the German traveller who sends us these photographs, remarks that he found them "not very attractive (although much sought after and very expensive), with their enormous horny soles and matted hair." As to the

[Continued above.]



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



THE NAUGHTY FIGS OF JEREMIAH.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

THE coming of our Christmas festival begets a kindly feeling towards our neighbours; but I cannot help wondering how we should feel towards Jeremiah, were he among us to-day. He was so hard to please. Some of my readers may remember that he displayed on one occasion a certain captiousness on the subject of figs, which, either green or dried, are sure to be included among the good things which will load our tables this Christmas-tide. He spoke, not too enthusiastically, of "good" figs, but, besides, he lays peculiar emphasis on certain "very naughty figs, which could not be eaten, they were so bad"! Had he described them as stewed figs I would forgive him! He was, however, apparently speaking of the fruit of the sycomore-tree (*Ficus sycomorus*). As its Latin name shows, it is not to be confounded with our plane-tree. The fruit is

needle-like spike, strong enough to pierce the finger. By the time that the first leaves—which bear not the slightest resemblance to those which will succeed them—break from the sheath and begin to create nourishment for the further growth of the plant, the reserve material of the seed has all been used up.

In many palms the seeds are of enormous size, weighing as much as 15 or 16 lb. Whereby we know that the early stages of growth are very slow. Palm-trees have no branches, but a crown of fan-shaped leaves at the top. And these leaves disclose some interesting facts. Their functions, as with all plants, are manifold. For through the leaves they feed, and

through the leaves they breathe. In the sunlight they absorb carbonic acid gas, from which the carbon is extracted to form new tissue, while oxygen is released into the air. This source of growth, however, has to be supplemented by the water taken up by the roots. For this brings with it, in solution, saline substances, the principal components of which are nitrogen, phosphorus, sulphur, potash, and iron. All these, with the starch formed in the leaves, are necessary for the building up of the life-stuff which we call "protoplasm," whereof the tissues are built up. Now, these complex processes cannot take place

unless the water, absorbed by the roots, can be kept in circulation. And this is done by releasing a large quantity, in the form of vapour, through the leaves, under the influence of sunlight. It has been calculated that the trees in an acre of beech forest transpire about 1400 tons of water during the summer. And so it comes about that plants in shady places have much larger leaves than those growing in the open. This is conspicuously true of palm-trees growing in a tropical forest, because from the humidity of the air it is more difficult to get rid of their surplus water. In the moisture-laden forests of Brazil the palm *Raphia taedigera* grows leaves 60 feet long and 36 feet broad! The leaves of the date-palm, growing from trees which spring from desert ground, are relatively small, but very beautiful, fan-shaped, and attain to a length of as much as 12 feet.

Warmth is necessary for the developing flower-heads, and this is generated by the plants. The "inflorescence," or flower-cluster, is ensheathed in what is known as a "spathe," a sort of encircling blanket, and the temperature within the chamber thus formed is 10 or 15 degrees higher than that of the surrounding air. This means of generating heat explains how it is that the snowdrop flower can force its way through the snow, which is gradually melted as the growing flower-bud pushes its way up! One sees the same thing in Alpine plants. There is another peculiarity about the flowers of the date-palm. The male and female flowers grow on separate trees. And so it comes about that when these trees are cherished for their fruit they generally have to be artificially fertilised; since the male trees would take up too much ground, they are not cultivated. Accordingly, the natives seek out a male tree and, cutting off the large flower-head with its pollen, tie it to a long rod, and, climbing the tree, thrust this "powder-puff" up against the stigmas of the female flowers, and so ensure fertilisation and the consequent fruit. This custom has materially changed the aspect of groves of palm-trees in the neighbourhood of human habitations. For in climbing the trees they break off the dead leaves, thus revealing the long slender stem and exaggerating the size of the crown of living leaves at the top. In trees unclimbed, these leaves hang down and conceal the stem.

The Arabs say that the date-palm has as many uses as there are days in the year. In the oases, where it is the principal tree, every part is utilised. Besides its employment for building purposes, a pleasant drink is made from its juice: wine is distilled from its sap and a spirit fermented from it. The crown of barren trees is boiled as a vegetable; sugar is made from the syrup; mats, baskets, and all sorts of utensils are made from its leaves; horses are fed on the fruit stalks, and camels on the pounded stones!



1. A FURTHER STAGE IN THE GROWTH OF THE DATE PALM: A PLANT AT ABOUT ONE YEAR OLD; SHOWING THE LEAVES, WHICH AS YET BEAR NO RESEMBLANCE TO THE GREAT FAN-SHAPED LEAVES OF THE ADULT PALM.

The hard, needle-like spine which caps the tips of the first pair of leaves to emerge from their sheath probably affords protection from browsing animals.

smaller than that of the fig we know, and, though opinions differ as to its merits as a fruit, no one but Jeremiah so whole-heartedly condemns it.

Remembering that Jeremiah was a connoisseur in the matter of fruit, it occurred to me to hunt up some references of his to dates, which are also, with us, "Christmas Day" delicacies. But on this theme he is silent. Scriptural references to this fruit, indeed, are to be inferred, from their context. Dates are not mentioned, though there are constant references to "Palms," and "Palm-trees," which can only refer to the "Date-palm," for no other grows in this region. In those far-off days, when the Jewish people were the overlords of Palestine, the palm-trees were, as they are to-day, one of the most important types of vegetation. We who enjoy their fruit can hardly realise the manifold needs they satisfied. And there are not many, probably, even of those who have seen these magnificent trees on their native soil, who have ever given a thought as to the life-history of the palm. It is more than merely interesting.

We can begin its survey, as we take our dessert, by a glance at a date stone. You will note that this cylindrical body, of stony hardness, has a deep groove down one side, and on the opposite side a small circular pit (Fig. 2). This "stone" is the seed. It consists of a mass of nutrient material for the growing embryo, and the embryo itself. On germination, which takes many weeks, a slender rod pushes through this pit and bores its way into the ground for a considerable distance. And this growth is sustained by the absorption of the stored-up food material just referred to. The next stage occurs when the first leaves appear, an event accompanied by a thrusting-up of the seed far above the ground, so that it looks as though it were balanced horizontally on the end of a slender rod. The leaves as yet are enclosed, and bear at the tips a hard,



2. TWO STONES OF THE DATE-PALM—TO SHOW (LEFT) THE SMALL CIRCULAR DEPRESSION WHICH MARKS THE PLACE FROM WHICH THE ROOT WILL MAKE ITS APPEARANCE; AND (RIGHT) THE DEEP MEDIAN GROOVE.

No explanation has been given to account for the stony hardness of these seeds, but it is probably linked up with the arid condition of the soil, which has induced this as a defensive measure against desiccation.



3. A BEDOUIN IN THE DESERT ABOUT TO FERTILISE DATE-PALMS: A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING THE BAG (AT HIS WAIST) CONTAINING THE MALE FLOWER-HEAD, WHICH WILL BE TIED TO THE LONG ROD AND THRUST INTO THE FEMALE FLOWERS AT THE TOP OF THE PALM-TREE.

On the Bedouin's left can be seen his climbing rope, trailing on the ground. The tree in the distance shows the general shape of the date-palm. The trunk in the foreground shows the raised leaf-scars of leaves which have fallen off. In some date-groves there may be a thousand female trees and no male tree.



4. A CURIOUS STAGE IN THE SPROUTING OF THE DATE PLANT: THE YOUNG SHOOT AFTER A FEW MONTHS' GROWTH; WITH ITS SEED BORNE UP OUT OF THE SOIL ON A LONG STALK, AND THE YOUNG LEAVES BREAKING AWAY FROM THEIR INVESTING SHEATH.

The seed appears to be balanced horizontally on the end of a slender rod, far above the ground. It will presently shrivel up, when all its nutritive stores have been exhausted.



CHRISTMAS AT "THE COASTWISE LIGHTS OF ENGLAND": RELIEF BOATS AT THE EDDYSTONE.

Christmas is lonely for those in charge of "the coastwise lights of England." At the Eddystone Lighthouse, nine miles off Cornwall, S.S.W. of Plymouth, two Trinity House officers are on duty for two months at a time, or longer if storms prevent them being relieved. Here we illustrate the arrival of the Christmas relief. Alongside the tug that has brought out the new keeper, with his Christmas provisions, is the dinghy which takes

him to the rock and brings off the former "garrison." The dinghy goes as near to the rocks as possible, and both stores and men are hoisted ashore by cable. The dark structure visible in front of the lower part of the lighthouse is the base of a former tower. The present one is the fourth built since 1700. The lamp is 133 ft. above high-water level, and gives a double flash at half-minute intervals, with a range of nearly 18 miles.

"CRAZY STREET," BREMEN: ODD HOUSES BY "FUTURISTS" FOR MODERNISTS.



IN THE STREET OF STRANGE ARCHITECTURE: THE "PAULA BECKER-MODERSOHN" HOUSE IN THE RÜTCHERSTRASSE, BREMEN—CONTAINING AN ART GALLERY, STUDIOS, AND ARTISTS' QUARTERS—WITH DENRIVE DOME AND FANTASTIC FRONTAL ORNAMENTS IN RAISED BRICK.



THE "HOUSE OF THE SEVEN SLUGGARDS": WITH THEIR EFFIGIES SET IN BRICKWORK: AN OLD BREMEN LEGEND OF THE HOLY BAND OF BROTHERS, WHO ONCE LIVED THERE, PERPETUATED IN THE RÜTCHERSTRASSE.



THE EFFICIENCY-TESTING ROOM IN THE GYMNASIUM ESTABLISHMENT A "HAUS ATLANTIS": MACHINES ROUND THE WALL TO RECORD HUMAN SENSITIVENESS, ACCURACY OF EYE, SPEED OF REACTION, LUNG-POWER, STRENGTH OF BREATHING, AND EVERY COMPONENT OF HEALTH.

The Rütcherstrasse, in Bremen, recently rebuilt, is now one of the most remarkable thoroughfares in Germany. Originally, it housed the ancient barrel-makers of the city. Then, having fallen into disrepair, it was bought by Ludwig Roselius, a local merchant and patron of the arts. Ultra-modern architects and artists were given carte blanche to rebuild, on condition that, wherever possible, they should utilize the materials already forming the tumble-down houses. The work, which took five years to complete, presents a spectacle of "crassness" sufficient to satisfy the most revolutionary artist. Lights hang sideways; brick ornamentation on the walls runs this way and that; red-hot cones from electric radiators form part of the lighting scheme; and coloured clays smear the ceilings in a riot of unconventionality. The buildings are largely used as book-shops, hand-weaving tapestry establishments, artists' living quarters, cafés where the intelligentsia of Bremen may meet; and, more famous than all, there is the "Haus Atlantis," in which hundreds of men and women,



THE "TREE OF LIFE" IN FRONT OF "HAUS ATLANTIS": THE CRUCIFIED GOD ODIN, AND EDDIC SYMBOLS.



LOOKING DOWN THE RÜTCHERSTRASSE, OVER THE STREET TILED IN RED; SHOWING (IN THE FOREGROUND) THE PILLARS OF THE "HAU HAUS" ARCADE, WHICH ARE FORMED OF ALTERNATING RED AND BLUE BRICKS.

old and young, attend the physical culture and health-lecture courses of the Health Institute. On the ground floor of this, a room filled with clever devices indicates to enquirers what they lack in efficiency. A dial shows whether one is abnormal or sub-normal in sensitiveness; if you cannot tap a small metal disc 100 times in 25 seconds you are lacking in muscle-control; a gigantic indicator, 8 feet high, shows your blood-pressure; and if you really are curious about the state of your heart you may have the pleasure of listening to it beating 15,000 times louder than nature—through a loud-speaker! Correctional exercises are given for

(Continued opposite.)

"CRAZY STREET": ARCHITECTS' FANTASIA IN COLOURED CLAYS AND TILES.



WITH FLOOR OF RED TILES, PILLARS OF RED AND BLUE TILES, AND A CEILING PLASTERED IN CONTRASTING COLOURED CLAYS: THE ENTRANCE HALL OF THE "PAULA BECKER-MODERSOHN" HOUSE IN THE RÜTCHERSTRASSE, BREMEN.



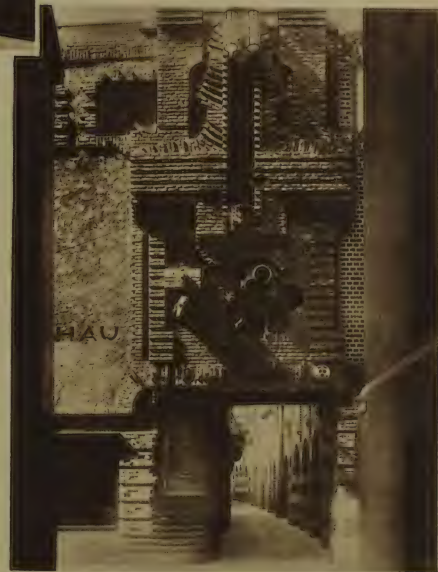
A WINDOW LINED WITH BRIGHT BLUE TILES, BUT HOLDING NO GLASS—IN THE "HAUS ATLANTIS," THE GYMNASIUM ESTABLISHMENT IN THE RÜTCHERSTRASSE.



THE HALL OF HEAVEN AT "HAUS ATLANTIS": A ROOM WITH A CEILING OF BLUE AND WHITE GLASS TILES; AND WITH A HOLE AT THE END THROUGH WHICH ARTIFICIAL SUNLIGHT IS DIFFUSED THROUGH THE "HALL."

(Continued.)

any deficiency, and are specially adapted to a city-dwelling, and, consequently, sedentary, population. The Tree of Life, which hangs against the wall of the "Haus Atlantis," is of wood and is 80 feet high. A "Twelvemonth Wheel" the crucified god Odin in the centre, symbolizes the myth of Time, and is inscribed with suitable hieroglyphics from the Edda. The foot of the tree forms the entrance to the "Haus Atlantis." There is also the "House of the Seven Sluggards," whose memory can be seen perpetuated in brick in our photograph. An old Bremen legend has it that the seven brothers lived on this spot, and were so lazy and ingenious in devising means of avoiding work of any kind that their fame spread throughout the district. They even had a well dug in the centre of their house, so that they could get water without having to go outside for it. Last, but not least, is the "Robinson Crusoe Haus," a memorial to Daniel Defoe's hero. Bremen claims a share in his fame, for Robinson's father, it will be



THE ENTRANCE GATEWAY TO THE RÜTCHERSTRASSE: SYMBOLISING THE OLD RÜTCHER (BARREL-MAKERS) WHO ONCE LIVED THERE: A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING THE TWO CYLINDRICAL LAMPS AT THE TOP, WHICH THROW ARTIFICIALLY ARRANGED SHADOWS ON THE WALL. remembered, was "a foreigner of Bremen, who settled first at Hull." He married the great man's mother, "whose relations were named Robinson, a very good family in that country, and from whom I was called Robinson Kreutzner; but, by the usual corruption of words in England, we are now called . . . Crusoe." In the "Robinson Crusoe Haus" coloured wood carvings depict the principal scenes from Crusoe's life; while the appearance of the faithful Friday symbolizes the happy relationship existing between Germany and America.



TOYS THAT ACCORD WITH THE MECHANICAL SPIRIT OF OUR AGE.



TOYS FOR THE RACING TRACK: CARS, CYCLES, AND MODERN TRANSPORT DEVICES OF ALL KINDS, WITH THE OUT-OF-DATE HORSE IN THE CHARGE OF AN ENVIOUS LITTLE GIRL

CHRISTMAS is pre-eminently the season at which toys come into their own—the most important time of year for every boy and girl—and for “Peter Pan” parents! There is no need to emphasise the essential need that play-things fulfil in the young, for it is recognised that recreation is as necessary and as instinctive to the young of mankind, and to the young of animals, as eating. The history of toys extends back to earliest antiquity, and some forms, like the doll, have been universal—common

[Continued below.]



A MINIATURE VACUUM-CLEANER: AN INSTANCE OF A TOY FOR PUSHING—MUCH BETTER THAN ONE FOR PULLING, SINCE YOU NEEDN'T TURN ROUND TO SEE IT WORK.

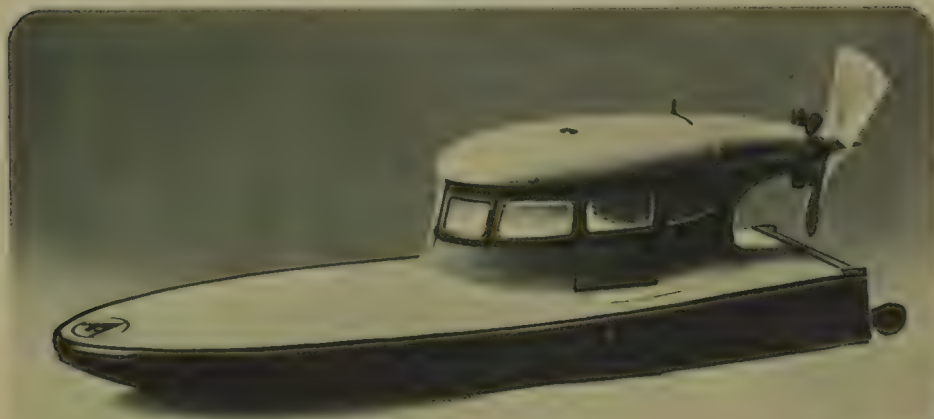
NO MORE INCONVENIENT, DIRTY COAL FIRES FOR DOLLY'S KITCHEN! A TOY ELECTRIC COOKING-STOVE, WITH EVERY DETAIL COMPLETE.



A MAGNIFICENT INDOOR RAILWAY, WITH BRANCH LINE, TUNNEL, AND GRADIENT: A SYSTEM WORKED ENTIRELY FROM THE CONTROL STATION, WHENCE ISSUE ALL ORDERS FOR STOPPING THE TRAIN, SHUNTING OR SWITCHING IT.



THE WORK (AND PLAY) TABLE OF TWO BUDDING ENGINEERS: THE ELDER, WITH HIS EYES ON THE PLAN, IS PREPARING THE MATERIAL FOR BUILDING A PYLON, WHILE THE YOUNGER WATCHES AND ADMIRES.



A TOY WITH MODERNITY IN EVERY LINE: A HYDROGLIDER, MADE IN IMITATION OF THE MOST RECENT DESIGNS.

[Continued.]

to every epoch and every land. Dolls alter little in essentials with the passage of time; but against their unchanging background stand out the peculiarly modern toys of to-day, born of sports and inventions that are of recent growth and, therefore, tinged with a special quality of excitement. The examples illustrated on this page are admirable specimens of these, especially those which, like the model railway, are driven by electricity. In this connection, it is of interest to quote from an article by M. Baudry de Saunier: “The current is always lowered by a transformer to a tension of about twenty volts, which makes it absolutely harmless; and, in addition, the current is automatically cut in case of an accidental short-circuit at any point in the device. In fact, during the fifteen years that the game has been in existence, no electrical accident of the slightest kind has ever been recorded.”



A LITTLE SEWING-MACHINE, WHICH GIVES THE YOUNG MOTHER OPPORTUNITY TO MEND THE CLOTHES OF HER DOLL—WHO IS OBVIOUSLY VERY SPOILT AND INSISTS ON THE LATEST FASHIONS.



A RECENT ADDITION TO THE ROADS OF EUROPE AND AMERICA REPRODUCED IN MINIATURE: A “TWO-TON” TANK LORRY.

Just the 'chance of a ghost.'



DRINK BOVRIL AND ENJOY THE WINTER

Cold nights (as well as cold knights) call for hot Bovril. When you are tired or depressed Bovril is quick to put new vigour into you — when you are cold, Bovril is immediately warming and cheering. Drink Bovril regularly and gain that extra strength you need to resist colds, chills and other winter infections.

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

AN EXHIBITION OF OLD MASTER DRAWINGS.

By FRANK DAVIS.



It has often been observed by painstaking students of nature that little fish sometimes grow into big ones, so that we may take for granted the commercial acumen of a firm which sets out to capture the interest of little sprats like you or me. The exhibition under review, which is to be seen at the galleries of Tomas Harris, Ltd., provides attractive bait, all of it designed to tickle our palates, and some of it likely to prove even better than we imagine. In other words, many of the items are not only reasonably modest in price, but possess also that mild speculative interest which provides a welcome seasoning to all feasts of this character.

It is rather odd to reflect that drawings as distinct from finished paintings took so long to attract the attention of collectors. Whatever reproaches may legitimately be levelled at the English picture buyer of the eighteenth century and later, he did appreciate a master such as Rembrandt; yet it was left to one or two individuals of the calibre of Sir Joshua Reynolds or Sir Thomas Lawrence to collect drawings as such, and these they naturally looked at with a professional eye, buying not so much with a view to the pleasure they obtained from possession, as the help their immense accumulations provided for their own work. Even as recently as thirty years ago, fine and rare drawings were to be had for 50s. or thereabouts, and sometimes for much less; then and then only did the general public begin to realise how often an artist was able, in one or two quick preliminary sketches, to capture a fleeting moment with a directness of vision not always possible in a painstaking version in oils. Not that the average drawing was deliberately scribbled with a view to a finished picture: some are, but many are merely the hasty, sometimes the deliberate, notes made by the painter as he wandered about and saw something—a landscape, a group of figures, or



1. DRAWINGS WHICH THROW LIGHT ON THE WORKINGS OF A GREAT MASTER'S MIND: SKETCHES BY PAOLO VERONESE (1528-1588) THAT WERE ONCE IN THE COLLECTION OF SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

All Reproductions by Courtesy of Messrs. Tomas Harris, Ltd., Bruton Street, W.1.

air of intimacy. One sees great men and lesser men not dressed up in their best clothes, but sitting, as it were, by the kitchen fire. Veronese, for example, is and was a tremendous fellow; it gives one

a much better understanding of the point of view of so distinguished a person to look carefully at the inimitable little studies of Fig. 1. One inevitably associates the elder Tiepolo with large-scale decorations in Venetian palaces, compositions of great sweeping rhythms and glorious colouring: is not the subtle characterisation of the old man's head (Fig. 3) a revelation? The lyrical drawing of Fig. 2 is a sufficient reminder that Thomas Gainsborough painted portraits because portrait-painting was profitable, but, in whatever spare time he had available, he interpreted the English countryside to his own deep satisfaction and our abiding enjoyment. Of the rest—and it is obvious that one cannot illustrate all one would like—I would draw attention to a beautiful figure, seen from behind, by Bassano; a very small but very fine drawing by that great Frenchman, Jacques Callot; two intriguing Italian examples, one Florentine, the other Paduan, over which anybody who pleases can exercise his wits at the game of exact attributions; and a fifteenth-century Italian illumination which is exquisite, not of extraordinary rarity, but to my mind uncommonly modestly priced.

Perhaps a purely speculative remark may be permitted in a final paragraph. They tell me that nowadays people must have drawings framed and hung on their walls; not so long ago a man who made a collection of such things would frame enough for decorative purposes, and keep the rest in one or more portfolios, bringing them out occasionally for his own enjoyment or to invite the criticism of his friends. Have those times really gone for ever, or must we own nothing but what we hang up for all the world to see?



2. THE FASHIONABLE PORTRAIT-PAINTER RELAXES: A LITTLE SKETCH BY THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH (1727-1788) THAT HINTS AT A STRANGE, NOSTALGIC LOVE OF NATURE. (FROM THE COLLECTION OF THE LATE CHARLES SHANNON.)

a single head—which caught his eye. You may reply to this—I have heard the argument—that you are not particularly interested in an artist's casual jottings—that you don't want to see unfinished scores by Chopin, or the preliminary notes, if they exist, made by Mr. Wells before he embarked upon "The History of Mr. Polly"—in which case you are arguing from false premises, for, unlike any other artist, a great draughtsman can touch nothing which he does not adorn—no, not even if he dips a match in a bottle of ink and makes marks upon a sheet of brown paper.

The exhibition under review is varied, and by the very nature of its contents possesses a pleasant



3. STRIKINGLY DIFFERENT IN STYLE FROM THE DASHING, BROADLY GENERALISED, CEILINGS FOR WHICH HE IS FAMOUS: THE HEAD OF AN OLD MAN BY TIEPOLO (1693-1770)—A SKETCH SHOWING CLOSE, EVEN METICULOUS, OBSERVATION.

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CHRISTMAS GIFT-BOOKS.

BOOKS of a type suitable as Christmas gifts for boys and girls are, as usual, very plentiful this season. Among those that have come our way there is nothing that could properly be called luxurious, although many of them reach a high standard of illustration. Most of these books, of course, are intended for young readers, but there are gradations of youth, and some of them, no doubt, would appeal to grown-ups as well. This remark applies to our first group, for we will take them on the principle of *seniores priores*.

Pride of place must be accorded, on grounds both of pleasure and prestige, to "The Collected Verse of Lewis Carroll" (the Rev. Charles Lutwidge Dodgson), with a large number of illustrations by Sir John Tenniel, Arthur B. Frost, Henry Holiday, Harry Furniss, and the author (Macmillan; 8s. 6d.). It is surprising, when they are put together, what a quantity of nonsense rhymes, besides some serious verse, the genial Oxford don produced in the intervals of his mathematical calculations. Here are the familiar pieces from the Alice books, along with "The Hunting of the Snark," "Phantasmagoria," and many other things probably quite new to the present generation. Especially amusing are the parodies of Tennyson, Longfellow, and Swinburne—"The Three Voices," "Hiawatha's Photographing," and "Atalanta in Camden Town."

Although not primarily intended for Christmas present purposes, but rather for the general reader, a book that would appeal strongly to older girls with a serious turn of mind is a new biography of a famous Victorian heroine, "Grace Darling and her Times," by Constance Smedley (Mrs. Maxwell Armfield); with a Foreword by Commander Stephen King-Hall. With twenty-four illustrations and map (Hurst and Blackett; 18s.). Besides telling in full the story of the historic rescue, with its sequel of overpowering publicity, the book gives an interesting social picture of the period. Two other books meant for general reading may also be suitably included here, as likely to interest elder boys. One is "Escapers All": Being the Personal Narratives of Fifteen Escapes from War-Time Prison Camps, 1914-1918; with an introduction by J. R. Ackerley; fifteen portraits of the authors, and three maps and plans (Lane; 7s. 6d.). The exciting character of this work is sufficiently indicated in the title. The other volume in question is one which will intrigue "boys" of all ages up to "three score years and ten," who have once taken to the most widespread of hobbies, namely, "Stamp Collecting," by Stanley Phillips, Editor of *Gibbons's Stamp Monthly*, author of "Stamp Collecting and How to Enjoy It"; with sixty-four full-page plates (Sampson Low; 6s.). The author describes the whole development of stamp collecting and the practical side of this fascinating pursuit.

We come now to a class of books that are always popular, with young or old—those about animals and natural history in general. Outstanding among them for the exquisite beauty and abundance of the illustrations is a pair of

large companion volumes entitled, respectively, "Lovable Beasts," by Harper Cory, with over sixty photographs; and "Nature by Day," by Arthur R. Thompson, F.L.S., with over one hundred photographs by the author (Ivor Nicholson and Watson; 12s. 6d. each). The latter book is a sequel to the same author's "Nature by Night," and the two together "provide a broad introduction to the animal life still existing in our islands." Next we have a trio of books concerned mainly with big game and wild animals of the fiercer sort. Exciting tales founded on fact go to compose "Terrors of the Jungle," by George Hogan Knowles; illustrated (Wright and Brown; 15s.). A famous observer and photographer of wild game gives another charming example of his work in "The Animals Came to Drink," by Cherry Kearton; with forty-two photographs by the author (Longmans Green; 6s.). The tale of an adventurous friendship between man and dog in East Africa is told in "Ol' Man," the True Story of a Great Pal, by A. J. Siggins; with sketches by Gerald E. Harrison (Witherby; 7s. 6d.).

Of books dealing entirely with some particular animal there are two notable examples: one is the first illustrated edition of a little book by a well-known nature-writer, that may be considered a classic of its kind, namely, "Tarka the Otter," His Joyful Water-Life and Death in the Country of the Two Rivers; by Henry Williamson; with an introduction by Sir John Fortescue, K.C.V.O.; illustrated by C. F. Tunnicliffe (Putnam; 5s.). The woodcuts are delightful. Famous names such as Mark Twain, Charles Perrault, and Emile Zola figure among the score or so of authors contributing to a happily titled anthology, "Puss in Books," a Collection of Stories about Cats, edited by Elizabeth Drew and Michael Joseph (Bles; 8s. 6d.). The charm of this book lies in its literary quality, and it is not illustrated. Catholic legends, retold both in verse and prose, are woven into the adventures of three little children, in a nicely illustrated story book, with large print, called "The Saints' Animals Annual," compiled by Cecily Hallack (Burns Oates and Washbourne; 4s. 6d.).

Only two examples have come to hand of original modern fairy tales in a fantastic vein, but both of them are excellent specimens of their kind. Each, also, has a link of interest with a previous story by the same author. The first of these books is "The Golden Keys," Being Some Further Account of Adventures with Paradoc, the Gnome, Among Modern Fairies, by Hampden Gordon; illustrated by Mary Oldfield (Murray; 6s.). This book is beautifully printed, and the pictures, which include a coloured frontispiece and over twenty black-and-white drawings, are far above the average. Dr. Dolittle needs no introduction, and to the long list of works associated with his name is now to be added "Gub Gub's Book," an Encyclopædia of Food in Twenty Volumes; by Hugh Lofting; illustrated by the author (Cape; 5s.). Gub Gub, it may be recalled, is a leading character in all the Dolittle books.

Boys and girls who have got beyond the fairy-tale stage like a long, single story, with plenty of incident or adventure.

In this kind there are five which promise first-rate entertainment: "Keep Smiling," A Public School Story, by D. Stapleton, illustrated by Tom Curr; a tale of eighteenth-century warfare—"Blakeney of the 'Slashers,'" A Gloucestershire Grenadier, by Escott Lynn, illustrated by J. R. Burgess; a fighting romance of a century earlier—"A Wave-worn Rock," A Story of Russia, by David Ker, illustrated by J. R. Burgess; and two stories for girls—"Janie of La Rochelle," by Elinor M. Brent-Dyer, author of the Chalet School tales, illustrated by Percy Tarrant; and "Biddy's Secret," A Romance of the Abbey Girls, by Elsie J. Oxenham, illustrated. All these five books are published by Messrs. Chambers at 3s. 6d. each.

Stepping stones to standard literature are provided in two new volumes of the Golden Treasury Library, each with six colour-plates and many black-and-white drawings. One is "Shakespeare Tales for Boys and Girls"; and "When Shakespeare was a Boy," by Dr. F. J. Furnivall; illustrated by John H. Bacon, A.R.A., and others. The other volume in the same series is "King Arthur and His Knights," by Doris Ashley; illustrated by A. A. Dixon (Raphael Tuck; 3s. 6d. each). The same firm has just issued another series at a very moderate price—the Modern Library for Boys and Girls—of which the first four volumes are "Famous Heroes," by C. Sheridan Jones and Alfred Miles; "Forest Treasures," by Major Charles Gilson; "The Clutch from the Deep," by Walter Wood; and "Diana of Dovecot Farm," by Bertha Leonard—all illustrated (Raphael Tuck; 1s. 6d. each). Last, but not least, whether in bulk or interest, is that ever-popular Christmas production, "Tuck's Annual" (Raphael Tuck; 5s.), which, as usual, is full of good stories and plentifully illustrated in colour and otherwise. The artists include C. E. Brock, R.I., and Gordon Robinson. A feature of this year's edition consists of three "realistic surprise panoramas."

The Turkish Government has opened a factory for the manufacture in this country of the world-famous "Turkish Régie" cigarettes, which are made from the secret blends of the Turkish Tobacco Monopoly. In addition to employing British labour, this new factory will enable Turkish Régie cigarettes to be sold at a moderate price, and to be supplied in perfectly fresh condition.

The ninety-first edition of "Burke's Peerage, Baronetage and Knightage for 1933," which marks its 107th year of publication, is just published by "Burke's Peerage," Ltd., of 66, Basinghall Street, E.C.2. The price of the ordinary edition is £5 5s. The special edition, bound in morocco, is £9 9s. Two separate volumes of the Peerage and Baronetage section are £2 2s. each, and the Knightage section separately is sold at £1 10s.

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GAME PRESERVATION. An Advisory and Service Department to deal with this important subject is now established for the benefit of those who hold shooting rights, particularly over land where a keeper is not employed. The conservation hints published in the Press of 1931 and 1932 have now been collected in the form of a booklet entitled "The Shooter's Calendar."

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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

BY H. THORNTON RUTTER.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS and a New Year without troubles on the road is my salutation to all users of the highway. Troubles at this season are usually fog and skidding, as far as motorists are concerned. In fact, driving through fog has been aptly described as "one of the dangerous sports," by those who are not compelled to face all conditions of weather. Yet I do know motorists who need not take out their cars when it is foggy, but do so in order to gain experience in case necessity at any time compels them to face a regular London "pea-souper"—that dense yellow fog peculiar to the Metropolis.

I am reminded of this by reason of receiving from the Royal Automobile Club their usual Christmas present to their members—a pair of yellow paper discs to affix to the headlamps of the car in case fog meets them on their journeyings. Orange-yellow light is supposed to penetrate fog further than the ordinary white rays thrown forward by the lamps of motor-vehicles. I do not believe they actually do, but in practice we all find such coloured light-rays do not reflect back and so dazzle the driver, as white light-rays do. The reason given for this phenomenon (since wireless has become popular) is that red, yellow, and orange light-rays have a long wave-length, and so are able to find their way better between the minute globules of water forming fog. On the other hand, a white light contains a considerable number of violet and blue rays of very short wave-length, which dance up and down on the surface of the fog particles instead of finding their way between them.

Safer Driving Through Fog. The first precaution taken to ensure safer driving through fog is to provide on the car, on each of the front dumb-irons, a lamp with its glass face tinted orange-yellow. The second is to see that the

windscreen can be opened, so that the driver can see over or under its edge. When front screens are thrown up or laid flat down on a foggy night, the cold air is apt to make the occupants of the car very chilled and uncomfortable. Consequently wise owners of saloons or other types of motor-carriages provide the vehicle with a second inside half-way glass screen so as to act as a "chest protector," warding off the greater part of the volume of air and fog which would penetrate inside the front compartment, and cutting

clears the screen from ice or snow, which the ordinary windscreen wiping arm cannot efficiently perform. Such "hot-rods" or "pilot-glass" fittings are electrically heated from the battery on the car, or from a spare battery carried for such a purpose. Fourthly and lastly, I always recommend that every car should carry an electric torch with a full battery, as this is so useful for reading sign or other direction posts, names and numbers of houses, when a spot-light is not included in the equipment of the car.



IN THE GROUNDS OF KINMEL SCHOOL, ABERGALE, NORTH WALES: A MEET OF THE FLINT AND DENBIGH HUNT.

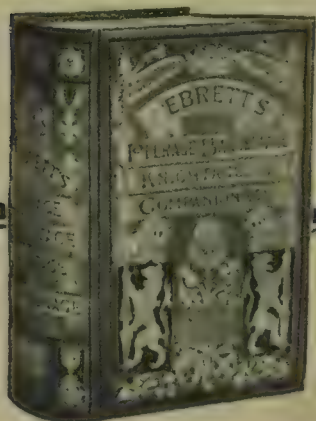
down the actual opening of the usual one-piece windscreen to a narrow slot about one inch wide. Driving in fog is always a cold job for the front-seat passengers in any car, and nearly as bad for those sitting in the back compartment unless there is a dividing partition, as in a limousine. The third item for safety is to fit the windscreen with a "hot rod," or heated form of windscreen wiper, in order to keep the screen clear of mist or condensation of the breath of the occupants in a fully closed car. This rod also

spot where it is most wanted, namely, just in front of the car. At the same time, the side lamps are apt to dazzle the driver if not fitted with yellow-tinted glass fronts. The yellow fog-lights on the front dumb-irons should be so fitted as to throw their beams at an angle towards the near side and offside respectively. Then one can the more easily pick up the kerb on the near side, or any lines on the roadway on the offside of the car. Finally, all drivers in foggy weather should only proceed at such a pace that they can halt instantaneously.

White Lines on Roads.

Every driver in fog blesses tramlines, white lines, central

road lighting, whitened kerbs, or any other features that help to keep him on the right path. One of the safest devices provided by our road authorities is the two white lines on wide roads, placed there in order that slow-moving traffic should keep inside the white line and the kerb, leaving the outer portion of the road for faster traffic. This gives the driver an offside line to follow in a fog, instead of having to crane his neck to see the kerb-stone or grass edging on the near side, yet furthest away from him. Also a central white line is very helpful, but not quite so safe as the double white lines, as, in the latter case the traffic naturally queues up into two lines, one "up" and one "down" traffic ways, using only that part of the road between the kerb and the white line, and leaving the centre portion quite clear. Nowadays, all lamps are capable of being dipped on the modern car, so there is plenty of light available at the



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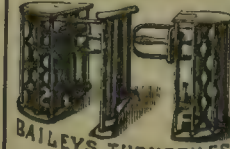
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THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

ELGAR'S "KINGDOM."

THE performance, under Dr. Adrian Boult, of Sir Edward Elgar's oratorio, "The Kingdom," at the last B.B.C. Symphony Concert at the Queen's Hall, was the most notable of three Elgar celebration concerts. Oratorio is rather out of fashion nowadays, due to its association with nineteenth-century church musical festivals, which were not always of a very musical nature, and I must confess that an air of unreality still clings to this sort of composition, and prejudices the ordinary musical public against it. Some works, however, have escaped out of the narrower province of ritual or ecclesiastical music into the general world of music, where they make a regular appearance in concert programmes everywhere as classical masterpieces performed solely for their musical value. Such are, for example, Handel's "Messiah," Haydn's "Creation," Bach's B minor Mass and St. Matthew Passion, Beethoven's "Missa Solennis." It is curious that Mendelssohn's "Elijah" has hardly achieved this distinction. I cannot remember any concert performance of this work in the Queen's Hall. It appears regularly, of course, at the Three Choirs Festival, and all over the country choirs give performances of it at seasonable times of the year, but it has not attained a position as an independent musical classic.

Of the three big oratorios Elgar has composed, "The Dream of Gerontius," "The Apostles," and "The Kingdom," the best known is the earliest, "The Dream of Gerontius." Its appeal must always be strongest to those whose religious outlook is similar to Elgar's, for, as Professor Shera points out, "Gerontius" is definitely Roman Catholic in dogma, the text being taken from Cardinal Newman's well-known book. Musically, "Gerontius" is perhaps more varied and highly coloured than the two later works, but in my opinion, the latest of the three, "The Kingdom," is the finest of all, as it is also the most universal in its appeal. It was first produced at Birmingham in 1906, and merits even more than "Gerontius" the description "masterpiece," given to "Gerontius" by no less a German composer than Richard Strauss when it was performed in Germany.

ELGAR'S STYLE.

Elgar presents the extraordinarily interesting case of a composer who, without being in the usual sense of the word "original," has nevertheless a genuinely personal style which is unmistakable and not to be imitated. One may feel in listening to such a work as "The Kingdom" that the musical substance of it is all in "Parsifal"; and elsewhere in Elgar's music one feels it is merely Brahms Anglicised. But the better one knows him, the more clearly do we feel that Elgar resembles rather one of those great Dutch or Italian painters who, in a great tradition, produced masterpieces which were distinctive and individual, although they did not break any new ground.

One of the outstanding qualities of "The Kingdom" is the astonishing delicacy and tact with which the subject is treated. The text deals with the beginnings of the Christian Church in Jerusalem, and we have the Pentecostal Feast in the Upper Room and other events related and connected in a simple narrative. Elgar's resource never fails him. From beginning to end the same style is sustained, but there is a surprising variety of expression with great economy of means. It all sounds extraordinarily easy to sing, but it is never banal, and on some occasions, such as the Mystic Chorus in Section Three, and the chorus of tenors and basses on the words "His blood be on us and on our children," Elgar achieves a really imaginative quality which is entirely his own.

It is the same quality which is to be found in some of the "Enigma" Variations and, occasionally, in the Violin Concerto, and if Elgar had done more in this direction his work would be still more outstanding in the history of English music. As it is, one cannot but admit that he is incomparably the greatest English composer we have had since the days of Purcell. And it is a little annoying to some of our academic pedants to be confronted with an English composer of acknowledged European eminence who is in a sense almost self-taught, for Elgar never attended any of the famous schools or colleges of music, but picked up his musical education partly from his father, who was organist at St. George's Church, Worcester, and partly from other local sources.

W. J. TURNER.

"JONAH AND THE WHALE," AT THE WESTMINSTER.

IT was Mr. Bernard Shaw, of modern authors, who set the fashion for "de-bunking" the great. After his "Androcles and the Lion" and "Cæsar and Cleopatra" followed the American, Mr. Sherwood's, "Road to Rome." Though none of these plays has been greatly successful, dramatists will persist in following up this line of easy humour. While Dr. James Bridie is content to be merely flippant, he is tolerably amusing; but when he seeks to touch Shavian depths he is grounded in the shallows of futility. His first act, displaying Jonah as a minor prophet and leader of the local Purity Brigade, is amusing enough. He "cleans up" (to use the American phrase) his village, not so much by calling down the vengeance of Heaven, as by bullying the local policeman into carrying out the powers bestowed upon him by the D.O.R.A. of that period. Euodias, who loves Jonah, urges him to a wider sphere, and would accompany him on a Watch Committee expedition to Nineveh. But Jonah, who has no intention of going there, spurns her company and departs alone. On board a ship that is taking him as quickly and as far as possible from Nineveh, a storm breaks out, and Jonah, feeling it is to punish him for his cowardice, has himself thrown overboard. Swallowed, and eventually cast up, by the whale, Jonah discovers himself in the neighbourhood of Nineveh; the Bright Young People of that period invite him to lecture on his submarine experiences. Instead, he dramatically prophesies the entire destruction of the city, and so impressive is he that the whole of the inhabitants await their doom in sackcloth and ashes. The destruction of Nineveh not eventuating, poor Jonah is left a discredited prophet. But Euodias, who has followed him, still loves him, so he wins a prize above his deserts. If the play has too many dull patches, it has many scenes which are wholly entertaining. It is when the author would be serious that he is in danger of boring. Mr. Edward Chapman, who recently played Jess Oakroyd in "The Good Companions," displays his versatility by an excellent performance as Jonah. Mr. David Horne is good as a commercial traveller; while Miss Joan White is, particularly in her earlier comedy scenes, delightful as Euodias.

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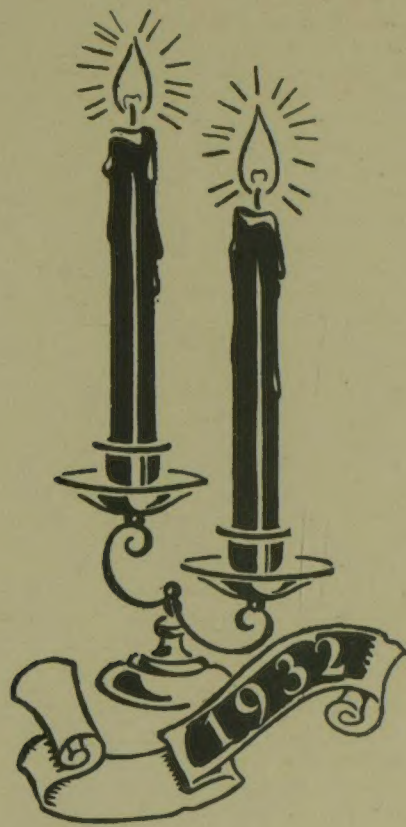
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